

# THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1956



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# The Study

SEAFORTH AVENUE - MONTREAL

*FOUNDED 1917. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec  
Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education  
of Girls, under a Board of Governors.*



## Headmistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.

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MISS JANET INGHAM - - - - - *Secretary-Treasurer*



## School Representatives

*Head Girl* - - - - - PHOEBE REDPATH

*Sub-Head* - - - - - JANET SAVAGE

*Games Captain* - - - - - HEATHER McINTOSH

*Editor of Magazine* - - - - - SANDRA WALLIS

## PREFECTS

HEATHER McINTOSH - - PHOEBE REDPATH

JUDY NORTHEY - - JANET SAVAGE

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MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FIFTY-SIX





## FOUNDATION STONES

As I glance back over the years, which have been spent in this hall of learning called the Study, many vivid memories flash before my inward eye. I recall most distinctly the excitement and apprehension felt on the first day when, quivering in my shiny black oxfords, I entered a strange new world of unfamiliar faces and unfamiliar traditions. Gradually these new ways became a regular part of daily life and the strangers developed into fast friends. There were other outstanding moments, too: the tremendous thrill at clearing four feet while high jumping; the feeling of accomplishment in working out a mathematics problem correctly; the nervous agitation, which we all experience prior to speaking or performing before an audience, and the wonderful feeling of relief at the end of exams.

There have been many humorous moments, too, which will long be remembered: that morning when one of the class proudly pranced into the room fondly clutching a baby mouse, which had been found timidly exploring the locker room; the unforgettable and delightful April fool's day when four alarm clocks concealed in the classroom simultaneously and continuously emitted startling sounds. A more recent incident occurred this year after prayers, the day following our fair. Having uttered several grandiloquent sentences to the school, as a dramatic prelude to the results of the baby contest, I completely forgot the name of the winner! All these experiences and numerous others have contributed to a full and memorable eight years at the school.

Until the time of graduation, I do not think a student realizes that she obtains far more than a few facts from her school days. Nor does she realize to what an extent this period influences her life. Now that graduation is drawing nigh, we are suddenly aware that the interminable life of routine and security, which we have known for so long, has come to an abrupt end. With an unknown future ahead, we pause to determine just what (apart from reading, writing and arithmetic) we have learnt at school. We have had endless opportunities throughout our school years: The opportunity of learning to get along with others—"To give and not to count the cost"; the chance to obtain a real set of values in a place where the love of material pleasures and the accumulation of earthly possessions are not regarded as of primary importance in life; the chance of gaining those invaluable qualities of integrity, self-discipline, kindness and love for our fellow man. We learn to take responsibility and to develop initiative. Education is not thrust upon us as is some detested medicine before a small child. Instead we come to enjoy learning and we leave here, not with the idea of shutting up our books forever, but with the desire to further our education in every possible way. We learn to use our minds which is so essential in today's world of unrest and confusion, and we are given faith to follow our convictions. Experience has taught us to accept defeat and disappointment with a smile and when we merit praise and acclaim for some endeavour we learn to accept it with humility.

Yes, our days at school are a definite factor in the moulding of our character. Each experience and our reaction to it determines our growth into maturity. Should we fail at some task and become discouraged, we always have a helping hand. We thank our teachers for their genuine interest in our welfare and for their unfailing willingness to help.

We fully realize that our schooldays are but one chapter in our lifetime, and that after graduation we still have an immense amount to learn. But, indeed, we are appreciative of this early period in our lives which has given us our foundation.

PHOEBE REDPATH

## EDITORIAL PAGE

*"Alle is buxumnesse there, and bookes for to rede and to lerne,  
And great love and lykinge for each of hem loveth other."*

Piers Plowman.

### EDITOR

SANDRA WALLIS

### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

WILSIE BAXTER

PHOEBE REDPATH

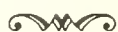
JANET SAVAGE

HANA SCHNEIDER

SANDRA SMITH

LINDA SOUTHAM

DAPHNE WRIGHT



## EDITORIAL

As, in music, harmony results from the reliance of notes upon each other, thus should it occur during life.

There can be nothing more beautiful or satisfying than to hear a full-voiced choir attain its most perfect peak of complete harmony. Many a time, have our school walls rung with the sweetly-toned voices of our small choir, as we have reached that happy moment of unanimity among ourselves, thus resulting in unbroken harmony. This swiftly reached peak is again swiftly lost, and with its fading, that concept of human will and cooperation is broken. Then, as the choir disperses, each individual regains her independence. And so, because of this, the independence of many students, expressed in the unmelodic humming of odd snatches of songs, can be clearly heard throughout the building. But, the moment that the choir's voices are once more raised in unison, that binding spell touches them, causing all dissension and ill-feeling to melt away, and the golden thread of harmony imperceptibly draws them closer, as they blend together for the final exciting climax.

But, why not carry this bond into the everyday way of life? There are so many problems that need solving nowadays and so much that should and could be achieved, if people were closer and more united in their thoughts and actions. Think of the marvellous results this unity could produce. Even in school we have gained such results, by frequently joining together in concerted and unselfish efforts for some worthwhile purpose. For an example, I take our annual bazaar, which, through our willingness to cooperate, has succeeded beyond our highest hopes. Thus, in other similar ways, men have united, and combined all their powers, whether physical or intellectual, with the desire of attaining a goal. For instance, there is the organization Save the Children Fund, which is carrying on the essential work of providing for destitute children.

However, unity or cooperation must never be forced, or it might become, in consequence, a mechanical duty without any meaning whatsoever attached to it. In order to succeed, unity must be backed by a sincere desire for worthwhile accomplishment.

Therefore, uphold this bond, strengthen it, value it and use its merits to good advantage, thus carrying on into life the harmony of the finest choirs.



**PREFECTS**—reading from left to right. Standing—Judy Narthey, Heather McIntosh. Sitting—Janet Savage (Sub-Head), Miss Lamont, Phoebe Redpath (Head)



### PHOEBE REDPATH

Phoebe's all-round ability, her unfailing co-operation and conscientiousness, have resulted in her being an excellent head-girl. Without a doubt it has been due to her effective powers of organization that our sixth form activities have been so successful. The lovely quality of Phoebe's voice in all kinds of recitation is still maintained even when she pronounces the Sixth Form's fate in the reading of our duty list. "Pheeb's" destination, Dalhousie, will appreciate her outstanding qualities and scholastic standards as much as we have.

#### *Activities:*

Head-Girl  
Prefect

### JANET SAVAGE

For several years the school has been aware of Janet's musical ability which has given us much enjoyment and has resulted in excellent accompaniment in prayers every Thursday morning. Charm and affability are two of Janet's outstanding qualities which she has exhibited in her positions of Sub-Head and Prefect of the school. Her ancient tunic and her weakness for choice foods have long been a topic of conversation in the classroom. "Jan" is going into science at McGill next year with the intention of honouring in biology-science.

#### *Activities:*

Sub-Head of the School  
Sub-Head of Beta Lambda '55  
Head of Beta Lambda

Prefect  
Ski Team '54-'56







## LYN GEDDES

What would we do without Lyn? Her unconventionalities and her unfailing motto "Better Late than Never" have provided us with many humorous moments throughout her thirteen years at the school. We have marvelled at the courage which has enabled her occasionally to write a test without having "cracked a book." However, her serious side coupled with her inquiring mind have led to many lively discussions in the classroom. Her firm convictions and her natural sincerity are sure to carry her far in life.

### *Activities:*

Sub-Head of Delta Beta

## HEATHER McINTOSH

Heather's activities this year have been many and varied and have included her positions as Prefect and Games Captain of the school. She has made an admirable Prefect and as Games Captain she has inspired the school with her own great enthusiasm for sports. She excels in basketball and for five years has been the "Rocket Richard of the team". Heather's future is as yet undecided, but we are sure she will be successful in whatever she undertakes to do.

### *Activities:*

Games Captain of the Study

Games Captain of Beta Lambda '55-'56

2nd Basketball Team '51-'53 Prefect

1st Basketball Team '54-'56 Sub-Head of Beta Lambda



## ELECTA McMASTER

Electa's little yellow jeepster, parked outside the Study, has been a welcome sight to the Sixth Form as we have set forth on our numerous jaunts. "Luigi's" witty anecdotes have enlivened many a dull hour during her years at the Study. Her geniality and willingness to help out at all times have been greatly appreciated by us all and no doubt McGill will also benefit from her friendly disposition.

### *Activities:*

Head of Kappa Rho

## JUDY NORTHEY

Judy's dependability often passes unnoticed with the result that in her absence we are sometimes faced with domestic disasters. She has been a friendly and efficient prefect this year and for two years has been the backbone of the tennis team. As well as supporting athletic activities, she has shown genuine interest in scholastic endeavour and in the encouragement of school spirit. We feel sure that Judy will be a competent dentist's nurse.

### *Activities:*

Head of Mu Gamma

Tennis Team '54-'56

Games Captain of Mu Gamma Prefect





## SYBIL SAFDIE

Sybil hails from Lebanon and having lived the greater part of her life in both Italy and France, she has brought into the school an intangible element of European atmosphere. Many a time have we greeted her at the threshold of the sixth form room frantically waving our incomprehensible French homework, which she has willingly untangled for us. Without a doubt her gentle manner and sweet disposition will bring her as many friends at McGill as she has gained at the Study.

### *Activities:*

Sub-Head of Kappa Rho



## HANA SCHNEIDER

Hana's familiar cry twice a week at 3.30 of "Clear out, Miss Malachowski is coming in" has been a welcome reminder throughout the year. She came to us from England in Upper V and in her short time at the school she has good-naturedly withstood the gentle teasing about her accent. As co-treasurer of the charitable funds she is endowed with the privilege of signing cheques for charity. Next year she is looking forward to fulfilling her lifelong ambition of being a nurse.

### *Activities:*

Sub-Head of Mu Gamma

## SANDRA SMITH

Sandy is the most studious member of our class and shows amazing powers of concentration while the rest of the form is engaged in frivolous conversation. Her clever imitations of various people reveal the lighter side of her nature. Her artistic abilities have produced commendable results in ballet, art and handicraft. Next year she plans to enter Dalhousie intending eventually to become an occupational therapist.



## SANDRA WALLIS

Each morning when "Wolfie" enters the classroom, sporting her devilish smile, we know the day will contain many moments of her cynical humour. She has a wide variety of interests including art, music, mysteries and weapons of every description. Her literary ability, combined with her discerning mind and a vivid imagination, has resulted in her excellent work as editor of the Chronicle. Sandra intends to honour in the humanities at McGill and with her knowledge and originality, we are sure that she will be very successful.

### *Activities:*

Magazine Editor



## DAPHNE WRIGHT

We are convinced that Daphne possesses an iron constitution as she manages to survive bone-crushing falls and a minimum of sleep apparently without ill-effect. Because of her cheery and enthusiastic nature, she has made many friends at the Study. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention her athletic ability and her keen interest in school activities. The Montreal General Hospital will be Daphne's destination next year, as she intends to become a nurse.

### *Activities:*

Games Captain of Delta Beta '55  
Head of Delta Beta  
1st Basketball Team -54"56

## SIXTH FORM ACTIVITIES

For many years it has been the tradition of the Sixth form to hold a bazaar in the autumn term; this year was no exception. It was a gala affair and an overwhelming success. We made it our aim to encourage a genuine interest in the worthwhile organizations which were to benefit from money raised at the bazaar. Both staff and girls worked diligently—both beforehand and on the actual day of the event and the spirit shown by everyone was very gratifying. Most of the proceeds were divided among local organizations: The Negro Community Centre, The Mackay Institute for the Deaf and the Montreal Day Nursery. The sixth form visited all three institutions and saw the wonderful work which was being done, and became aware of their obvious need for our donations. Some of the bazaar money was given to the Montreal Neurological Institute where we spent a most interesting afternoon one day in November. Several of us visited the Patricia Drummond cot in the Montreal Children's Hospital which the school supports by means of our weekly collection. In December we went a second time to the Montreal Day Nursery. Here we were guests at a Christmas party where the children were joyful recipients of gifts from Santa Claus, thanks to the money which we had sent them earlier.

The main activity of the Easter term was the fair for the magazine. Both girls and staff turned up to try their skill and luck at the numerous games organized in the hall. The stage was the setting for a most popular "House of Horrors," from which blood-curdling screams were emitted throughout the afternoon. Guessing the baby pictures of both staff and Sixth Form was enjoyed by all. Naturally we were very pleased that it was such a success and that we raised more money than we expected to.

Our last activity of the year was the sponsoring of an underprivileged child in Italy through the Save the Children Fund. We have written to ten year old Teresa Picassi and have sent her a picture of the school.

Although our form has been a small one, our activities have required only a minimum of effort from each of us and have afforded a maximum of pleasure because of everyone's willingness to co-operate.

PHOEBE REDPATH.

## BONSECOURS MARKET

There are many fascinating historical sites in Montreal, one of which has a great charm today as it had years ago when it started; it is Bonsecours market. Situated opposite the city Court House and Vaquelin Square, it is a colourful spectacle at any time of the year.

In spring it is adorned by seedlings, and first crops of lettuce, shallots and radishes. Summer comes and the market is overflowing with all summer produce. Autumn gives the gayest variety of crops and it looks like an agricultural rainbow with red tomatoes, orange carrots, yellow corn, green peppers, blue asters and purple eggplant. Winter brings the snow, but this does not stop the farmers from bringing their crops, for they bring Christmas trees, winter apples, cabbages, and turnips, and of course there is the ever present tobacco vendor.

In olden days the farmers used to bring their goods in horse drawn wagons, but today they come in modern trucks with drop backs from which they sell and display their wares.

Today the market is divided into two sections, the upper for the small garden farmer, and the lower for everything sold in sacks and cases for such wholesale dealers as Steinbergs and Hotels. There are many characters associated with the market and they usually have special days for appearing, although to some it does not matter. There is one old lady in particular, who comes every Friday carrying under her arm a little black suitcase containing bunches of garlic. If for some reason the size of the bunch doesn't suit your fancy, all you have to do is tell her and one will be made to order, and brought back in a week's time. Somedays you might see a favoured policeman getting a choice cabbage and cauliflower, which he stows carefully into the side car of his motorcycle.

One of the market's most common characters is the scavenger. He can be found any day of the week walking up and down, searching in discarded vegetables hoping to find enough to make himself a good soup. In the fall you can always find two old men selling flowers at the top of the market. These plants have been cared for all summer, and you always find yourself getting lured to them, and you tend to buy more than you really need.

The tobacco vendor has a little trailer with a seat and a kind of display counter on it. This man never seems to lack customers, although it is hard to tell who are and who aren't customers as everyone usually stops for a friendly chat.

The farmers dislike going home with their produce unsold and so as the day wears on the bargains get better and, naturally, the late customer does quite well. The noise is incessant and the language spoken is mostly French. As the farmers speak little English, better bargains are made in French.

Opposite the market is the famous Bonsecours, or as it is sometimes called, the sailors' church. On the balcony of the bell tower is a statue of Our Lady of the Harbour, with her outstretched arms blessing ships coming and leaving port. After a good day's bargaining, many people slip into the cool church with their bundles, for a moment of restful, peaceful, thanksgiving.

*The Study Old Girls' Association  
Prize for Public Speaking.*

ANN BRUCE, *Middle V.*

## THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

One barren peak against the grey horizon lies,  
Cold 'neath the glare of fiery sun's red eyes.  
Steeped in the cool of evening,  
Bathed in light  
Of that same lamp that lights the skies at night.  
Silver the snows upon its summit shines,  
Dark grow the shadows 'neath the wavering pines.  
The cry of wolf and whippoorwill are flung  
In one wild echo to the dying sun.

ERICA LERWAY, *Lower IV.*



# TEACHING STAFF

Head Mistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.

University of Toronto and Oxford University

MISS R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M. Toronto Conservatory of Music	<i>Singing</i>
MISS PETRONELLA CARD National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Upper A</i>
MISS ESME COLEMAN National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Upper B</i>
MISS B. J. CURRIE, B.A. Oxon	<i>History</i>
MISS JANICE DALGLISH Primary School Teachers' Certificate, New Zealand	<i>Lower B</i>
MRS. W. B. EMO, B.Sc. McGill University	<i>Geography</i>
MME. GAUDION Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille	<i>French</i>
MISS ELEANOR M. HARBERT, B.A., M.A. University of Toronto and McGill University	<i>English</i>
MISS M. S. MALACHOWSKI Diploma of the Teachers' Training College, Cecilien, Germany	<i>Lower III</i>
MISS M. B. MARSHALL, B.A., M.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Classics</i>
MISS D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education	<i>Drill, Dancing &amp; Games</i>
MISS JANE QUINTIN, B.A. Bishop's University	<i>Lower A</i>
MRS. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Mathematics</i>
MME. J. SAZIE Licence ès Lettres, D.E.S., Diplôme E.P.P.F.E. (Sorbonne)	<i>French</i>
MRS. H. R. SCOTT, B.A. Wooster College	<i>Science</i>
MISS ETHEL SEATH Member of the Canadian Group of Painters	<i>Art</i>
Mlle. ELIZABETH REVAI, Ph.D. University of Budapest	<i>French</i>
Mlle. NICOLE MORIN	<i>French</i>

# STAFF NOTES

Last year, the School Staff was unfortunate in losing five of its members. Our former head-girl, Mrs. Giblin, accompanied her husband, who is studying to be a doctor, to Boston, as he was transferred there to another hospital. Mrs. Clark is now concentrating all her efforts on her scientific research work at McGill and Miss Barker has deserted Montreal for our rival city, Toronto, where she is continuing teaching. Madame Sazie, although having retired from teaching at the Study this year, decided to keep her little girl with us in the Lower School. This autumn, Miss Freeston, formerly in charge of Lower B, returned to England and to her fiancé, who has just finished his final exams. Mrs. Whitelock has also left the Lower School, and at the moment is extremely happy because of her recent adoption of twins.

The Science department is now in the hands of Mrs. Scott, whose young daughter, Lindsay, has also become a member of the school. Miss Currie, who entered the Study three days after her arrival from England, instructs the middle school in English and History, and the Sixth Form Canadian History Class has found it most interesting to hear her British point of view. Mrs. Emo has taken charge of the geography department and Mesdemoiselles Morin and Revai teach French to the younger children, Mademoiselle Morin, a native Montrealer, combines teaching in school with studies in drama, and because of her French-Hungarian background, Mademoiselle Revai has brought a cosmopolitan note into the school. In the Lower School, Miss Coleman, from England, and Miss Dalglish, from New Zealand, have taken charge of Upper and Lower B respectively.

SANDRA WALLIS, *Sixth Form.*

## MRS. HENSHAW

*(For this appreciation we are indebted to Miss Harvey.)*



The name, MRS. HENSHAW, will spring into the minds of everyone,—Staff, Parents, Old Girls and Present Girls, when they cast their minds back over the last twenty-five years of Study life. She was always in the background, to be counted on in ways innumerable,—for opening the doors in early morning and closing them at night, for keeping shining floors to walk on, for serving trays of luncheon from her little kitchen, for finding lost sweaters and pins, for binding up wounds,—innumerable were her kindnesses. And behind them all was the character, MRS. HENSHAW. How amazing that in one person could be combined what, in the wear and tear of school life, we all stood in need of,—dependability, fair treatment, understanding, generosity! I think that every member of the staff, every child in the school regarded that sturdy, little Englishwoman as a sure friend.

The study has inspired many kinds of loyal service in the course of its existence, but I doubt whether anyone has identified herself more wholly with it or served it more faithfully than Mrs. Henshaw, to whom with deep affection we said goodbye last November.





## THE CROWD

The crowd surged forward along the gaily decorated boulevard. Flags and streamers hung limply from the windows and large posters proclaimed the victory. All walks of life were represented in the milling throng which covered the burning pavement, for no one dared be absent despite the heat.

He stood behind the glass doors and toyed with the fringe of the curtain. This was his day, the day he had worked for all his life, and the crowd massing below had come to hear him. Last week he had been only part of the organization, now there was no one left to defy him. Then he looked up, glanced at the clock, and stepped out onto the balcony.

The governor of the city bowed the dictator through the doorway, his face inscrutable. He had waited too long before abandoning the old party, and had only been saved by his control of the city mob. Knowing he could not afford to make this mistake again he carefully watched the man he pretended to support for the slightest sign of weakness.

The roar of the crowd was led by the uniformed soldiers drawn up around the square. A man bent and lifted his small daughter to see the man of the hour. Near him an artisan's wife sighed and shifted her weight to the other foot. She did not understand these politics and wished her husband had not made her come. Then her mind wandered and she became lost in the attempt to contrive a method of making last night's roast do for dinner.

The small girl who had presented the flowers, fainted under the glaring sun but none of the officials surrounding her noticed, all were too busy trying to acclaim their new master.

The group of farmers brought in from the country gazed in amazement at the gathering and longed for the open fields. There was no sign of a breeze to lift the oppressive heat and the air pushed down like a blanket over the crowd.

The official artist sketched frantically trying to find a way to have the colours of the working class contrasting with the brilliance of the rich without bringing them in too close contact. Eventually he solved his problem by grouping the eminent people of the city on a mythical rise of land with the others gathered around it.

A man jostled against the candy vendor as he ducked through the crowd to escape the pursuing policeman. He had not wanted to steal the medicine but his wife needed it and he clutched his bundle firmly as he reached a haven of safety in the swirling mass.

On the corner the old corporal turned and watched the soldiers patrolling the cross street, checking that all were gathered in the square. Later he pressed back, trying to get into the shade of a banner, away from the merciless sun beating down on him. He had seen three such gatherings and had little faith in the promises of a better life.

A flash of summer lightning blazed across the sky. Near the front a young man drew the pin from a bomb and flung it towards the balcony.

*Alexander Hutchison Essay Prize*

WENDY STEVENSON, *Upper V.*

## HEADLINES

Fire Destroys Forest  
Hundreds Lost at Sea  
New Plane Invented  
Accident Kills Three

Six Prisoners Released  
April Brings Showers  
Floods Cause Destruction  
Operation Lasts Hours

Movie Wins Oscar  
President Goes to Sea  
*I made the "headlines"*  
*Just the same as he!*

GINNY STIKEMAN, *Lower V.*

# HOUSE NOTES

## MU GAMMA

<i>House Mistresses</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Malachowski, Miss Currie
<i>Head</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Judy Northey
<i>Sub-Head</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Hana Schneider
<i>Games Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Judy Northey

Last year, under the leadership of Judy Darling and Elizabeth Hague, Mu Gamma won the House Cup. The house continued to be at the top in both the Christmas and Easter terms. Special mention should be given to Brenda Bridgman, Ann Pepall, and Virginia Stikeman, whose numerous excellents accounted for a great deal of Mu Gamma's success scholastically.

This year Mu Gamma welcomed many new girls, all of whom joined into the various activities with great enthusiasm.

In the field of sports we won the volleyball and placed third in the basketball. With the tennis meet, sports day, and swimming meet ahead, our hopes are still high.

Last year we were very sorry to lose Mrs. Giblin but very happy to welcome Miss Currie in her place. We would like to take this opportunity to thank both Miss Malachowski and Miss Currie for their support and great interest in the house activities throughout the year.

Best of luck Mu Gamma in the future.

JUDY NORTHEY, HANA SCHNEIDER.

## DELTA BETA

<i>House Mistresses</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Madame Gaudion, Mrs. Scott
<i>Head</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Daphne Wright
<i>Sub-Head</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Lyn Geddes
<i>Games Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Audrey Hamilton

In September we were conscious of the absence of several familiar faces, particularly that of Mrs. Clark, a former house mistress. In her place, we welcomed Mrs. Scott, who with Madame Gaudion, has given much enthusiastic support to the House. Our weekly totals have maintained a high standard, partly because of the steady work of our new girls, Susan Baxter, Susan Brainerd, Peta Dodd, Barbara Ginsberg, Caro Ogilvie and Beatrice Redpath. Also, special mention should be given to Penny Hugman, who has earned the higher totals for both the Christmas and Easter Terms.

It would seem, so far this year, that the fate of Delta Beta has been to place second in all house events. Scholastically we have put up a good battle for the house cup, however Mu Gamma refuses to be dethroned from her annual first place position. In sports events, great enthusiasm and spirit was shown by many Delta Betans. The basketball team played well and won as many games as did Kappa Rho, but unfortunately lost on the point system. The volleyball series was not as close as the basketball games were, but were just as exciting. With the swimming meet, sports day and the tennis matches remaining to be played, we have high hopes of winning the Sports Cup again this year.

We would like to thank everyone in Delta Beta for the high spirit shown throughout the year and to wish everyone all the best in the future.

DAPHNE WRIGHT, LYN GEDDES

# KAPPA RHO

<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - - -	Miss Harbert, Miss Marshall
<i>Head</i>	- - - - -	Electa McMaster
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - - -	Sybil Safdie
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - - -	Ann Van Alstyne

"Well, Sybil, I guess it's about time we started writing up the House notes, but how do you think we should begin?"

"We could start by mentioning how much Kappa Rho has improved in her scholastic ability throughout the year with the assistance of Anne Hale and Abigail MacInnes, or would you rather begin with the sports notes?"

"It was too bad we lost the volleyball match against Mu Gamma but we made up for that by winning the House basketball. I do hope we have the same luck in the swimming meet and on sports day."

"Of course we mustn't forget to welcome the new girls who have contributed so much to our house spirit."

"We must thank Miss Harbert and Miss Marshall for their support and encouragement during the year."

"Hey, if we are ever going to get anything done we had better start writing right away or we will never get finished!"

ELECTA McMMASTER, SYBIL SAFDIE

# BETA LAMBDA

<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Emo, Mrs. Reiffenstein
<i>Head</i>	- - - - -	Janet Savage
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - - -	Heather McIntosh
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - - -	Heather McIntosh

Beta Lambda is fated, so it seems, to hold a low place on the scholastic ladder once again this year. Having placed fourth in the term totals at both Christmas and Easter, we have given up hopes of attaining the House Cup. Our disaster has been somewhat lessened by the prodigious and continual flow of excellents from Marilyn Maughan and Nancy McEntyre.

We are hoping to make up for our low scholastic rating in the athletic field, leaning heavily on our more sports-minded members, such as Mary Louson and Jean McArthur. Unfortunately we have not started off too well in this direction either, having placed third in the inter-house volleyball, and, (we say it with a shudder), fourth in the basketball. Regardless of the results, we would like to thank everyone who played for the house in these events. During the next three weeks, the swimming meet and Sport's Day will take place, and we are hoping very much that Beta Lambda will make up for her other low scores. Although our records for this year are not very inspiring, Beta Lambda is the highest of the houses in one respect—our house meetings are the only ones held on the top floor of the school!

The house as a whole, would like to extend a welcome and thanks to Mrs. Emo, our new House Mistress, who has become a definite part of the house during the year. We would also like to thank Mrs. Reiffenstein who, for five years has given her help and support to Beta Lambda, and who has, once again this year, encouraged us in every possible way.

We hope that in the near future, the tide will turn, bringing Beta Lambda to the fore-ground in both academic and athletic endeavor. Enthusiastic spirit is sure to bring good results eventually.

Best of luck in everything, Beta Lambdians.

JANET SAVAGE, HEATHER MCINTOSH



## IT'S JUST A VICIOUS CYCLE

It's in early autumn, when school has begun,  
The new girls are settled, and things start to run,  
Why then we are told to start sewing and cooking,  
For the neediest causes the sixth form's been looking.  
And so we commence with our yearly Bazaar,  
The proceeds of which we shall send near and far.  
And when all the money's been given away,  
We really start working, for then we hear say  
That exams and the carols are soon drawing near,  
As well as the Baskets we do every year.

When after the holidays we have returned,  
And completely forgotten all we have learned,  
Our powers of oration are put to the test,  
"Come and speak, one and all" at Miss Harbert's behest.  
The Hutchison essay is mentioned 'round now,  
Each budding young author starts beating her brow—  
Though not only for that, for the magazine too  
We're told to write articles, brilliant and new.  
And to lessen the cost of this same magazine,  
There's a fair in the hall, a colourful scene.  
Meanwhile the house games are flourishing gaily,  
And for the concert we're practising daily.

When Easter is over, we're raring to go,  
But the Verse-Speaking contest is next on the show,  
And when it is over, our Sports' Day comes up,  
All work for the points that may help win the cup.  
Then the swimmers get busy, for early in June,  
The big competition is staged—all too soon.  
For the closing church service we practice a lot,  
And we think that black stockings in June are too hot.  
Then after the closing we leave to the strain  
Of "Work hard for the Sale—we'll meet soon again!"

ANNE HALE, *Middle V.*

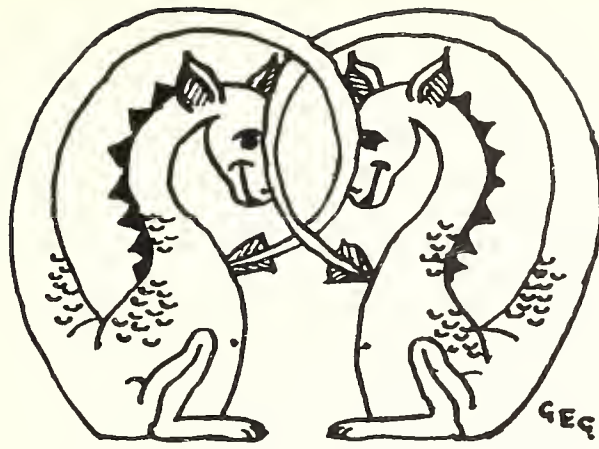
## SUNSET ON SEA

The seagulls sail with wings of gold,  
O'er waves with orange glowing,  
And in the distance, coral sails  
Skim on, a-homeward going.

The barnacl'd rocks, which, by the beach  
Stand steadfast, grey with age,  
Take on a steady golden light,  
And brace to meet the rage  
Of seas that toss, and seas that foam—  
Of seagulls' mournful call—  
And then the sun goes down—devoid  
Of light, now is the golden hall.

The hall, which mirrored every beam  
Of the sun's last dying rays,  
Is now dark, empty, echoing,  
Gone is the sun's golden gaze.

SALLY PORTEOUS, *Upper IV.*



## DRAGONS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED

Dragons, I have always felt, were among the most fascinating of creatures.

The first dragon, with whom I was on familiar terms, was a rather small one with two wings, a red hackle on his head and a lashing tail. He made up for his size by his very belligerent attitude. He stood upon one foot his other slightly advanced. Both his front paws were held in a boxing position. His wings were extended and his tail was held high. Daddy said that he was a very special dragon called a "gryphon". He lived quite happily on Daddy's signet ring.

I had always been led to believe that dragons were very fierce creatures indeed. Certainly St. George's dragon was one to make you tremble. There have always been tales of fiery dragons in the folk stories of many countries.

Over the centuries, however, the dragons gradually changed. Perhaps it was because they feared that they would all be killed on account of their cruelty. Perhaps they were tired of frightening people, or maybe they were just lonely.

The second dragon I met was a somewhat reluctant one with delightful manners and polite conversation. It was Kenneth Grahame who first introduced me to his reluctant dragon, who had no use for fighting, loved his afternoon tea parties and longed to move in high society circles.

Then C. S. Forester wrote a story called "Poo-Poo and the Dragons". "He was a nice dragon, quite a fair size as dragons go, something between a duck and motor bus, and he was running about in the long grass and swishing his tail, and he looked rather like a dachshund who has been taking lessons from a pollywog." This was the way Mr. Forester described Horatio, the Dragon. Horatio was most handy about the house. He polished the floors by wriggling for Poo-Poo's mother, he blew flames from his mouth to light Poo-Poo's father's cigarettes and he mowed the lawn with his tail for Poo-Poo himself.

One day Poo-Poo and Horatio went out for a stroll and met a very shy dragon in some tall grasses. This was Ermyntude. Eventually, of course, there were three dragons. The dragon egg hatched because Horatio and Ermyntude took turns blowing on it in the manner of a blowtorch. The shell became quite hot, and Maximilian could be seen inside. Finally the shell melted quite away, and so that is why no dragon's eggs have ever been found to this very day.

In the book called "The Sword in the Stone", by T. H. White, there are small dragons who hide under stones and hiss like kettles, and also King Pellinore's quest for his dragon, known as "The Beast Glatisant."

As the years went by, and dragons only seemed to live in books, people gradually believed in them less and less. As the dragons were very egotistical creatures they decided to bring themselves very forcibly to people's attention. They no longer were the very fierce, frightening kind, the reluctant kind nor the helpful Horatio type. They changed again. But this does not mean that they have vanished forever for with a great roar, a rush of wind, flame and smoke the dragon jet-planes split the sky.

*Alexander Hutchison Essay Prize.*

KAREN KEATOR, *Lower IV.*

# DRAMATIC NOTES



Although we may not have had as many plays this year as others, the quality has certainly made up for any lack in quantity.

The first play of the year was a hilarious production of "Archibald", by Lower Fifth. Anne Crocker was extremely good as Archibald's sister Midge, and the three Archibalds were very well portrayed by Diana Johnson, Marjorie Pitblado, and Alex Weil. The French maid, Félécité, was exceptionally well played by Margaret Lyn Jacques, and the rest of the cast should be congratulated on a creditable performance.

Next on the agenda was Lower Fourth's very amusing play, "The Swineherd". Deirdre Henderson and Susan MacArthur did a very good job of stage-managing, and Joan MacArthur of announcing. Sandra Heron was a haughty, spoilt princess, who repented, and became very sweet when Jennifer Carroll, a prince disguised as a swineherd, came to woo her. Betty Craig was the prince's messenger, and Linda Frosst the princess' father.

Then we saw a delightful presentation of "Daisy's Ball", from Louisa May Alcott's "Little Men", by Upper Third. Jill Angus, Joan Johnson and Jean Finnie were Bess, Nan and Daisy; Kathleen Dorrian, Lindsay Scott and Caroline Strauss were Tom, Demi and Nat, while Sally Farrell was a firm Aunt Jo.

On the last day of the Easter Term, the "B" forms, under the able direction of Miss Card and Miss Quintin, did for us a wonderful version of "Spring", accompanied by some very effective music. It was most enchanting.

I think a vote of thanks is due to all the long-suffering parents who have been so cooperative in providing costumes.

We are also very grateful to Miss Seath, who never fails to provide the required scenery at the right time.

And if it were not for Miss Harbert and Miss Currie, we would have no dramatics at all, and so many thanks for the long, patient hours you both have put in to make this year's drama such a success.

ANNE HALE, *Middle V.*

## AN INTERESTING LECTURE

On Thursday afternoon, October seventeenth, the Upper School was privileged to hear a talk on the Gold Coast of Africa given by Mr. Dixon, a government official from that colony. There were touches of humour throughout this talk, and his topic was so interesting that he held the attention of his audience every minute of the time. He outlined the history of the Gold Coast and gave us a clear idea of its condition today. He touched upon many phases of life in the colony, and told of the signs of social status among the natives, e.g. the possession of a television set even though there are no programs!

A question period followed during which he kindly answered the barrage of questions of his many listeners who were obviously showing a genuine interest in the subject.

We are grateful for the opportunity of hearing Mr. Dixon, for it is talks such as his about unfamiliar places which help greatly in broadening our general knowledge.

PHOEBE REDPATH, *Sixth Form.*



# MUSIC

Last year, in May, the Study gave its annual Spring concert, which was a great success. The feature of the concert was Henry Purcell's "King Arthur". The members of the Upper School were able to imagine themselves actual participants in the opening sacrifices and the battle between the Saxons and the Britons, and we all felt the serenity of those ancient times while singing the songs telling of the peace of King Arthur's happy England.

During this year also, we have had some wonderful musical moments. In our Christmas concert, the Junior school made its usual impression on the parents and friends in the audience, who applauded them heartily, especially after their jolly carol, "I wish you a Merry Christmas", a traditional English folk-song. Also we could clearly see that there are some excellent singers in the Middle School. The fourth forms showed their musical ability in "The First Mercy", by Peter Warlock, and in "What Child is This?", an English song with a beautiful descant by D. MacMahon. The Upper School had a great deal of fun singing "Dives and Lazuras", a very old carol in an exciting arrangement by Vaughan Williams. We are sure to remember rich Dives "sitting on a serpent's knee", as a punishment for his sins! Again this year, the Upper and Middle Schools joined in the singing of *Adeste Fideles*, the Study's traditional Christmas hymn, which seems to embody for us the very spirit of Christmas. The Upper School sang excerpts from Bach's momentous and beautiful work, "The Christmas Oratorio", and we all tried to rise to the high standard of performance which it deserves. We were joined by the Upper Fourth for the final majestic and triumphant Chorale, "With all thy hosts, O Lord we sing".

Miss Blanchard has always encouraged her students to support the Young People's Symphony Concerts, under Dr. Wilfred Pelletier, and a number of Study girls have attended the series this year. We are very proud of Karen Keator, who won one of the essay-prizes offered by the Ladies Committee of the Concerts. During the Easter term, the school was fortunate enough to have had Alan Mills pay one of his delightful visits. He amused and entertained us thoroughly for over an hour, and we all joined in his songs most heartily.

At the present time, we are, under Miss Blanchard's guidance, preparing for our Easter concert. The main work is to be scenes from Gluck's opera "Orpheus", arranged by W. G. Whittaker. We realize that the standard generally accepted in the performance of this opera is extremely high, and consequently, we are all working very hard, in order to justify Miss Blanchard's faith in us. We have been very lucky once again this year, in having Miss Corish to accompany us in the singing class. She is an excellent pianist, and has helped us continually throughout the year. Our sightreading, both individually and as a group has greatly improved during the last two terms, due to Miss Blanchard's thorough teaching.

As one can see, the music enjoyed and performed at the Study during the last year, has been of an extremely high calibre, and Miss Blanchard, in giving us these great works to sing, has helped us to become familiar with them, in such a way that they will remain old friends to us for many a year. The Study is, and always has been known for its music, and the lore of good music, which Miss Blanchard has given us as an integral part of our education, will continue to broaden and enrich our lives.

JANET SAVAGE, *Sixth Form.*

# ART

The Study art has always possessed a high standard and is a stimulating and enjoyable subject for all students from Lower B to the Sixth Form.

Besides drawing and painting in which technique and a sense of colour are encouraged, we are also taught clay modeling and puppet making. The matriculation art students take interesting and instructive History of Art classes besides their drawing and painting course. Our warmest thanks are due to Miss Seath for her kind encouragement and unfailing patience throughout the year.

On important occasions, the art room becomes a veritable hive of activity with the art students cheerfully daubing brilliant colours on the numerous decorations. Elspeth McGreevy, Veronica Butler and Sonia Stairs painted a most spectacular harvest-time back-drop of sunflowers for the bazaar. Our new idea, mobiles, hung from the hall lights proved both colourful and effective at the bazaar and at Christmas time.

The stained glass window and Christmas crèche are always the sixth form's prerogative. This year Sandra Wallis, Lyn Geddes and Sandra Smith painted a stained glass window of the three kings and modeled a crèche of a comparatively modern style painted entirely in blue.

Congratulations to Sonia Stairs, and Jennifer Dixon for being among the winners of the International Children's Art Competition which was held in New Delhi, India. Erica Lerway's picture in the same competition was published. We wish you all the best of luck in the future.

We are proud to provide the Chronicle's frontispiece this year which has been effectively drawn by Veronica Butler, as well as a typical library scene done by Virginia Mathias.

SANDRA SMITH, *Sixth Form.*

## PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION



First Prize: Anne Hale (tied).

# THE AUBUSSON TRAIN

In the middle of France lies the small town of Aubusson. To most people Aubusson means carpets, but, in my memory, it is associated with trains or, rather, one train, running to the slightly larger town of Guéret, some 25 miles away. One hot August afternoon, a friend and I travelled on that train. We had spent a pleasant day, looking at carpets. We asked at the station for the next train to Guéret. The man told us that it would go in twenty minutes and smiled broadly. What a delightful country, we thought, where the officials smile so sweetly! "Vive la France!" I bought a paper, choosing one with the name "L'Humanité", a title showing fine ideals, I thought. Then we sat and waited. Far up the platform we could see a coach or two and, as the time for our train approached, we began to wonder if this could be the Guéret train. We asked another official in a greasy cap. "Ah, oui, oui," he said and smiled broadly. "Vive la France" again!

We climbed on the train which seemed to have one coach, one tank filled with wine and one other passenger. Only ten minutes late, we started and rattled along for about fifteen minutes without incident. Then the train stopped at the small village of Lavaveix-les-mines. It seemed to be stopping a long time and so we leaned out to look. We saw the engine-driver, the fireman, the guard and the man in the greasy cap, walking away from the train. Was there perhaps an accident? No, they were only going to a café some fifty yards away, where they sat playing cards and drinking wine for a quarter of an hour. We sat and frizzled in the hot train until finally, we rebelled. Why should we not also sit in the café and, if not play cards, at least drink wine? But as we prepared to descend, they at last got up and came towards the train, wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands and smiling broadly. Pausing only to ask if it was warm enough for us, they climbed aboard and started off. In ten minutes we stopped again; further refreshment, perhaps? No, we were going to take on a wagon load of coal. There must be some rule that wine can only travel behind coal, for in order to take on this wagon, our wine tank was uncoupled, we were shunted on to a siding, then the coal wagon was attached to our coach, then we chugged back on to the main line and then the wine wagon was attached and off we went. This was repeated at every station and, as we picked up both wine and coal, the calculations necessary to attach them in the right order must have been immense. They certainly took a long time. No other passengers got on. At every station, the man in the greasy cap looked at our window, asked us if we were cold and smiled broadly. "Vive la France" indeed, "à bas la France", rather!

Still, displaying true British phlegm, we resigned ourselves to the situation and I sat back against the hot leather seat and opened "L'Humanité". It was only when I came to a reference to "that reactionary London newspaper 'The Times'" that I realised that this was a strange newspaper and, turning to the title, saw that it was the official organ of the Communist party of France. However it wiled away the time, and it had "Les Misérables" as a strip cartoon, which added a piquant touch to political denunciations. At last, we rattled into Busseau-sur- somewhere or other where we thought we had to change. My friend jumped down—one has to jump down from French trains—gallantly helped by the official who had been so solicitous of our comfort. I jumped without waiting for his assistance. "Comme vous êtes agile!" he murmured, rolling up his eyes. But by now, as far as we were concerned, Gallic charm was a dead loss. What we wanted was Teutonic efficiency. "From which platform departs the train for Guéret?" I asked sternly. "But you have just descended from the train to Guéret," he replied. Silently we turned and climbed back in. We knew, without turning around, that he was smiling broadly.

As I said, it is 25 miles from Aubusson to Guéret. The journey took us 2 hours and 40 minutes. "Vive la France!"

B. J. CURRIE.





Mrs. Emo.



Upper Four.



Middle Five.



The Sixth Form eating lunch.

## THE VISIT TO THE MACKAY INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF

One day in early November, several members of the sixth form left the school and cheerfully climbed into Electa's bright yellow jeepster, in which we were driven to the MacKay Institute for the Deaf, on Decarie Boulevard. Upon entering the driveway, we were very impressed with the solid looking Gothic architecture of the building. We were greeted at the doorway by Mr. Blanchard, the Principal of the Institute, and by Mrs. Donald MacKay, wife of the President, and Mrs. Cecil Barry, both of whom are members of the Ladies' Committee.

Almost immediately we started on our tour, entering classrooms in which classes were actually taking place and, with the students obligingly showing us how well they could lip read, speak and write, and the teachers very kindly giving us an idea of how classes were conducted, we carried away with us a very clear impression of the wonderful work that the MacKay school is performing. With great interest we explored the sewing room and the weaving room, which contained numerous wooden looms, most of which were covered by a maze of brightly-coloured yarn. We were then shown the kitchens (from which delicious smells were issuing), the dining room, which is about to be newly plastered and decorated, because of our donation to the school, and the upper dormitories which, as we happened on them just after the younger students had had their baths, seemed to be filled with bouncing little figures with happy faces and shining smiles, clad in bright dressing gowns. They were very much intrigued with our knee-socks and tunics, and we regretfully waved goodbye to them, as we had been invited to afternoon tea at the Senior Girls' Residence, which is a little farther up the street.

After having been shown through this residence, which is very bright and scrupulously tidy, and is kept this way by the girls themselves, we admired and respected them as much as we liked them personally. We thanked our hostesses for their hospitality and made our way back to the Mackay school proper, then spending some time admiring and buying articles on sale from the Mackay Homecraft Studio, and also meeting many more of the older girls, who were very amazed at our fascinated expressions at the sight of their sign language. Finally, with much reluctance, we left the MacKay Institute with a completely new outlook on the education of the deaf.

The school is an entire world within itself; much more so than one would think from looking at the exterior of the building, and what, I think, impressed us the most, was the happiness of the children. They love their life together in the school, and we were told by the Senior Matron that the Staff hate to see their students go, as much as the girls and boys themselves are loath to leave. The MacKay Institute for the Deaf is performing a wonderful service in teaching the pupils to overcome their great handicap, and we, in leaving the school, all felt very happy that the Study was doing as much as possible to help them.

JANET SAVAGE, *Sixth Form.*

## AVERSIONS OF MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Miss Blanchard: "*Muuve*" instead of "*Moove*"

Miss Currie: *Appalling manners; Unwarranted interruptions.*

Madame: *Shoes that you can't see your face in.*

Miss Harbert: *Verbless sentences; dangling participles.*

Miss Lamont: *Unclassical English; three stairs at a time.*

Miss Marshall: *Lunch remains on the floor.*

Miss Moore: *People who enter her class half in and half out of their running shoes.*

Mrs. Reiffenstein: *People who persist in forgetting her little song—"You can only cancel factors."*



# SPORTS



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM—reading from left to right  
Standing—Marilyn Maughan, Susan Sharp, Daphne Wright, Louise Whitaker.  
Kneeling—Wilsie Baxter, Heather McIntash (capt.), Anne Hale

## BASKETBALL

For many years our basketball teams have been made up from the girls of the Upper School only, and very often, almost entirely from the Upper Fifth and Sixth forms. But this year, as a result of introducing the game to the Upper Third and Lower Fourth forms, Miss Moore has produced many good players among the younger girls, and unusual enthusiasm throughout the middle school. Upper fourth in particular showed very keen interest and a few were chosen to play on the second team.

In the Inter-School games played against Trafalgar and Miss Edgar's, the first team, with excellent coaching and advice from Miss Moore, made a good showing and, winning three of its four games, brought the cup back to the school. The team had three very efficient and reliable guards and the shots also worked hard and well.

The second team was anxious to do well and very often gave the first team a real battle in practices, but unfortunately was unable to win its games. It was not until an exhibition game with Westmount Senior High School that the team showed what it was really capable of doing, and won the match. Although the team was unable to win the cup there was good spirit and sportsmanship at all times which, coupled with the many good players, should produce promising and encouraging teams for future years.

In addition to the two customary teams there was also a junior team composed of girls from Lower and Upper Fourth which played against a similar one from Weston School. The team played well, winning one of its games 14-1, and losing the other 13-10.



The First Team consisted of:

*Shots*— Heather McIntosh, *Capt.*  
Daphne Wright  
Louise Whitaker  
Wilsie Baxter  
*Guards*— Susan Sharp  
Marilyn Maughan  
Anne Hale

*Subs*: Margaret Lyn Jaques, Janet Montgomery.

We did not win all our games, but we certainly enjoyed every one, and many were exciting right down to the last whistle.

The results were as follows:

#### First Team

The Study at Miss Edgar's.....	<i>defeat</i> 14-12
The Study at Trafalgar.....	<i>victory</i> 17-16
Miss Edgars at the Study.....	<i>victory</i> 29-14
Trafalgar at the Study.....	<i>victory</i> 31-16

#### EXHIBITION:

The Study at Westmount Senior High.....	<i>defeat</i> 31-19
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#### Second Team

The Study at Miss Edgar's.....	<i>defeat</i> 21-19
The Study at Trafalgar.....	<i>victory</i> 13- 9
Miss Edgar's at The Study.....	<i>defeat</i> 15- 9
The Study at Weston.....	<i>defeat</i> 23-15
Trafalgar at The Study.....	<i>defeat</i> 17-15
Weston at The Study.....	<i>defeat</i> 16-10

#### EXHIBITION:

The Study at Westmount Senior High.....	<i>victory</i> 17-10
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Standing left to right—Margaret Lyn Jaques, Jacqueline Evans, Audrey Hamilton, Prudence Heward, Marjorie Pitblado, Janet Mantgamery  
Kneeling—Mary Darling, Ann van Alstyne (capt.), Abigail MacInnes

## HOUSE BASKETBALL

Once again, this year when the league games were over we indulged in the Annual House Games—and once again, for the third year in succession, Kappa Rho emerged the winner. Both Delta Beta and Kappa Rho won two of their three games but Delta Beta was nosed out by four scoring points. The other two houses also tied, each winning one of its games. All the teams were well matched and most of the games ended in very close scores.

In winning the house basketball, Kappa Rho has earned twenty-five points towards its chances of winning the House Sports Cup which is awarded each year to the house that has amassed the most points out of the hundred available.

## OLD GIRLS GAME

This year, instead of the usual one game against our old friends, we had two, one which was won by the Old Girls by a score of 14-13 and another in which the first team really pulled itself together to win 18-3. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the games and we are all looking forward to next year when we can get together once again.

Those on the Old Girls Team were

Diana Hamilton—Games Capt. 1955

Elizabeth Hague—1955

Gail Gnaedinger—1955

Judy Darling—1955

Joan McKnight—1955

Sally Parsons—1954

Deirdre Smart—1955

Elizabeth Vale—1953

Anna Guthrie—1955

Anne Barnett—1955

Prudence Reilley—1953

## HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

In Volleyball, as in Basketball, the four house teams were well matched and many of the games were very close. Mu Gamma, with the excellent play of Susan Sharp, managed to come out on top with 125 out of a possible 135 points. Delta Beta came second, followed closely by Beta Lambda and Kappa Rho.

## SWIMMING MEET - 1955

As usual the swimming meet of 1955 was awaited with keen interest and enthusiasm by everyone throughout the Middle and Upper Schools. Instruction was given to anyone who wished it and practices were held regularly every Monday and Wednesday afternoon in the YWCA pool during the Summer term.

Delta Beta, having most of the top swimmers in the Upper School, placed first in the meet, followed by Beta Lambda, Mu Gamma and Kappa Rho.

The girls who gained the most points for their houses were, in the Third forms, Joan Thornton and Martha Meagher, in the Fourths, Margaret Lyn Jaques and in the Upper School, Wilsie Baxter and Daphne Wright who were placed well in all the events. The life saving race was won by Beta Lambda and the relay race by Delta Beta. Elizabeth Hague won the style swimming with her outstanding demonstration of the crawl, and the diving ended in a tie between Wilsie Baxter and Janet Savage.

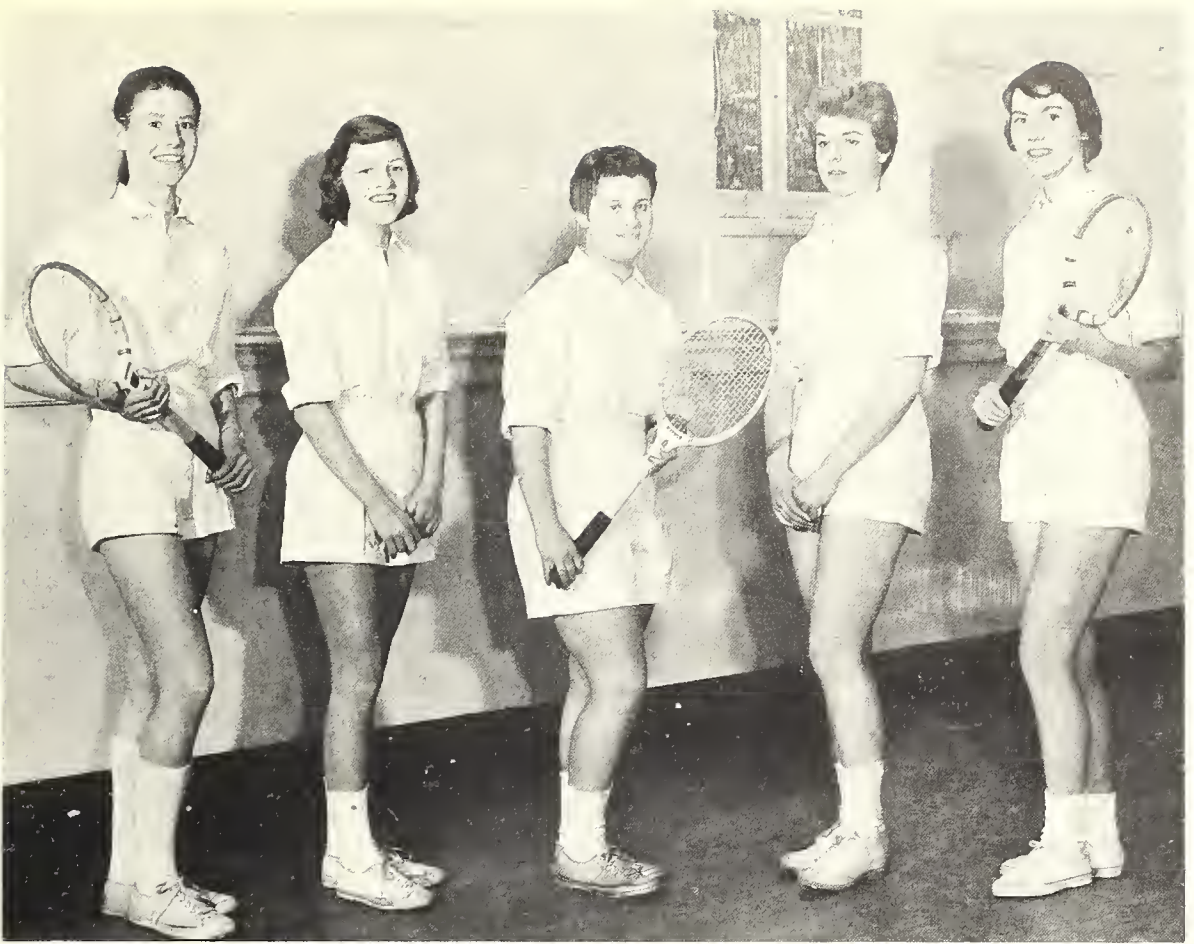
Currently the houses are once again working hard to make this year's meet as successful as ever, and in all probability it will be, as there are still many good swimmers left, despite the loss of last year's sixth form.

## TENNIS

The school was fortunate once again in having Peter Constable to instruct those interested in improving their game and, through his excellent advice and patient attitude, the younger girls especially made speedy headway.

Although the teams did not win the cup this year, every member made a valiant effort and put up a good fight. The Senior team came third and the Junior team, in losing the final and decisive game to Miss Edgar's, were forced to take second place. The Senior team consisted of Judy Northey and Christine Bone and the Junior team of Louise Whitaker and Mary Bone.





**TENNIS TEAM**—reading from left to right  
 Mary Bone, Penny Corneil, Judy Northey (capt.), Louise Whitaker, Christine Bone



**SKI TEAM**—reading from left to right  
 Topsy Doyle, Janet Savage, Wilsie Baxter (capt.), Ann van Alstyne, Diana MacKay



## SPORTS DAY - 1955

Sports Day in The Study is one which everyone looks forward to each year, for this is one time when every girl and the House Mistresses also may earn points for her respective house.

Of the various events which constitute sports day, the throwing events offered the closest competition with Beta Lambda coming first and Delta Beta following immediately behind.

In the jumping held at the school in drill periods during the Summer Term, Delta Beta, with her array of stalwarts scattered throughout the forms, walked away with all the honours, having accounted for 107 points and a very convincing lead over Beta Lambda who placed second.

The most exciting part of the day comes with the running of the form and relay races. Once again Delta Beta came out on top, managing to win all but one of the five relay races and also placing well in the others.

The outstanding girl for the day in each form was—

Lower III—Kathleen Dorrian 12 points.

Lower V—Mary Darling 14 pts.

Upper III—Marcia Paterson 18 pts.

Middle V—Marguerite L'anglais 15 pts.

Lower IV—Susan Sharp 23 pts.

Upper V—Daphne Wright 16 pts.

Upper IV—Penny Hugman 18 pts.

Sixth—Margaret Robertson 14 pts.

## SKIING

Our coaching this year was once again ably provided by Chris Gribbon who has successfully instructed Study enthusiasts for the past three years. There was much interest in the lessons which were held each week throughout the winter term, and many benefited by them.

In February, the Penguin Club held its Annual High School Meet at Mont Chevreuil, in which various schools throughout the city competed. By the combined results of the slalom and downhill races, Westmount Senior High School was found to have been the most successful candidate and was awarded the shield. The Study team was not quite as successful as it has been in previous years, but by the efforts of its members, Diana MacKay, Janet Savage, Wilsie Baxter, Anne Van Alstyne and Topsy Doyle it was placed fifth.

On behalf of each and every member of the Study, I would like to thank Miss Moore for her untiring efforts which have contributed greatly towards the success of the many school activities throughout the year, and the Sixth form especially joins me in wishing her the best of luck in the years to come.

HEATHER MCINTOSH, *Sixth Form.*

## THE SCHOOL BAZAAR

It was a regular hive of activity. The hands of the clock pointed to three when the bazaar began. As I entered the hall many people swished from table to table, trying to pick out things they wanted. The smaller children ran to the fish pond, or to the cartoon movies. A great many children had bags of fudge which showed what they had been spending their money on.

When the crowd thinned out I knew the parents had gone up to the tea room. As I walked past, I could see bouquets of bright flowers on all the tea tables and people chatting gaily over a cup of tea.

Some people were at the baby counter looking at bonnets, booties, sweaters, blankets and even babies' toys. Others clustered at the jam and jelly booth where parents bought an assortment of jams and pickles.

In the book room a large group were browsing over reading material. Across the hall was the white elephant room. A number were milling around the counter that had a large selection of ornaments, gadgets, and other odd things. The jewellery table and the home cooking booth, also attracted a sizable group of shoppers.

Apart from the excitement and fun, we hoped we had raised enough money to help the three needy causes for which the bazaar was held.

GAIL CORNEIL, *Upper III.*

## TWO SIDES OF A FRENCH GENTLEMAN

The year was 1797, and Louis Monteux, a wealthy French gentleman, was in his carriage on his way from Rennes to St. Christophe. St. Christophe was a tiny, remote fishing village on the way to the rocky shores of Brittany. Louis leaned out of his window and yelled some instructions to the driver who stopped a little farther on, where there was a fork in the road. There were two signs—"à St. Malo" and "à Paris". The driver was puzzled to find a sign pointing to Paris, because there had been a road farther back that went to Paris, and he was sure that this one went to Cherbourg. However, there wasn't much point in worrying about it—anyway, his master was calling him. No, he wasn't, he was calling, "Jacques, Jacques!" Who in the name of the devil was "Jacques"? Well, now he was to find out, for there was Jacques, coming out of the brush on the side of the road. In the early morning light, the driver could not make out Jacques' features, but it was no business of his, and anyway Jacques was getting in the carriage and his master was yelling at him to start the horses and keep on to St. Christophe.

Inside the carriage, Monsieur Louis Monteux was making Jacques Beaubien comfortable.

"My dear Jacques, how have you been since the last time I saw you?"

"I have been well, Monsieur, for three months."

"Eh bien, and what is the name of our ship at St. Christophe?" Monsieur Louis Monteux wasted no time in getting down to business.

"She is the 'Bonaventure' when in France; 'Lady Luck' when in England."

"What is her cargo? Is it worth all our wine?"

"Her hold is full of cloth, Monsieur, silks, satins and muslin—well worth our wine."

"Bon, and here is St. Christophe". He opened the window, "Grenaud, stop at L'auberge 'Marie Antoinette'!"

The carriage pulled up at a small auberge, the only one in St. Christophe, and the driver opened the door for Monsieur Monteux and Jacques. Grenaud's face showed extreme surprise when he saw Jacques—for he was but a boy! Tall and dark, he was certainly not over eighteen, and awfully young to be getting mixed up in the affairs of Monsieur Louis Monteux, the cleverest smuggler in France, the only man who could be a favourite in high society, and an illegal trader of French goods with Britain at the same time! A truly admirable gentleman!

Monsieur Louis Monteux was, in truth, an admirable person. His wife, Angéline was a beautiful specimen of his choice taste—she was a tall, graceful woman with long blonde hair, and the best hostess in Nantes. His daughter Aimée was also lovely, and like her father and her brother Alexandre, she had jet-black hair. His family was wonderful—he had trained them to be. When he was busy in St. Christophe, either Angéline or Aimée would become indisposed, and there would be no parties—for no party or ball was complete without the Monteux family. When Monsieur had finished his business in St. Christophe, Madame and Mademoiselle Monteux would get better, and the parties would start again.

Monsieur was welcome everywhere, and was liked tremendously by everyone; especially by the women, and, which was unusual, also by the men. He was a very popular man, and a good one, too. Smuggling or no smuggling, he went to early morning mass at the Church of St. Pierre in Nantes. He never missed a Sunday until that fateful day in May 1798 when Monsieur was suddenly arrested by the Coast Guard.

But why had Monsieur been taken? He could see no reason. But at his trial, he found out. The Marquis de Lauton had seen Monsieur's beautiful daughter, Aimée, with the tall handsome Jacques, and he was jealous. Who was this boy anyway, and where had he come from? After doing a bit of investigating, the Marquis discovered that Jacques came from St. Christophe; and on further investigation in St. Christophe, he uncovered Monsieur's little game.

And so, one Saturday night in May 1798, Monsieur Louis Monteux was arrested at the crossroads with the signs pointing to St. Malo and to Paris, when he was returning to Nantes for early morning mass.

Monsieur had half a mind to expose Jacques, who was the cause of his arrest, but he loved his daughter, and Jacques had been his 'confrère' for several years, and, as I said before, he was a good man.

SALLY MEAKINS, *Lower V.*

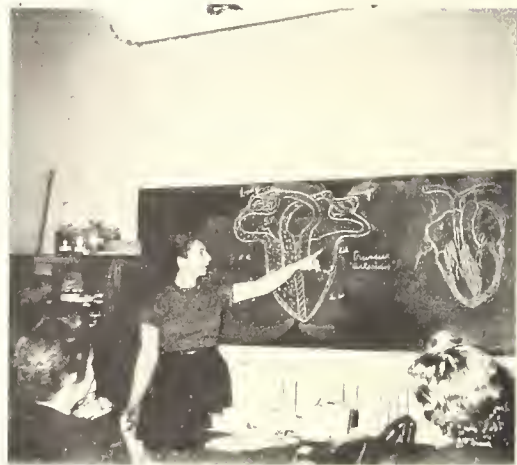




Lower School.



Upper Five.



Mrs. Scott.



Miss Dickie.



The B Form's Play.



## THE DISADVANTAGES OF HAVING FRIENDS

"Hi, how are you? What have you been doing lately?" How familiar these words are, and how often they reach our ears!

You are downtown on a Friday afternoon, bending forward to escape the driving wind, bespattered with mud from swerving traffic, and cold drips from overhanging awnings, having just survived an arduous week of school. Struggling vainly, with the seemingly diabolically possessed coat-skirt in order to conceal a long expanse of stockinged leg, so that at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that the passers-by don't regard you as an escapee from a chorus-line, and, at the same time, trying to control damp, dishevelled hair, rapidly losing any curl it ever had, and above all, keeping numerous books of all sizes, containing the weekend's toil balanced on your arm, you invariably meet the man of the hour (who looks twice to make certain that this is the same creature he danced with the previous weekend). After exchanging the accepted greeting, you hurry on your way, cursing the fate that made you not bother to wear any lipstick, but then you think that is was just as well; you had a lot of work to do this weekend anyway, and after all, no one can expect a school-girl to be sophisticated in a tunic. But just the same, how comfortable it would be to rush along St. Catherine Street, and not meet any familiar faces!

You loosen your tie, undo the collar button, roll up your sleeves, open the ink-bottle, and freeing the mind of extraneous material, settle down to write the weekend composition. Into a vacant mind, a flock of ideas gradually gather, wispy little thoughts of the type that are dispersed at a moment's notice. Slowly gathering them up, trying desperately not to lose any of them, you start to write them down in note form, thanking your lucky stars that at least the composition book won't remain blank paper. You relax, begin to write furiously, and then suddenly, a wild jangling disturbs you—the telephone. Some member of the family rushes for the instrument, and shrieks upstairs that it is for you. Leaving the work, you pick up the receiver, and then try frantically to place the elusive, highly pitched feminine voice on the other end of the wire. Suddenly it falls into place, and thoughts of the summer come streaming back to you; this is the girl who lives in Ontario, with whom you parted in the late summer, saying, that if she was *ever* in Montreal . . .

It is the middle of the week, a Wednesday night; after three hours of effort, books are stacked for an early departure in the morning, and with a thankful mind and peaceful heart, you whistle to the dog, and when he arrives, with hopeful eyes and tail awagging, you put on coat and gloves, and go out into the darkness. The streets are inky-black, save for globules of golden light at intermittent intervals, and snow is falling lightly in the manner remindful of Robert Bridges' description of 'London Snow'. The collie jumps on your coat, planting great snowy foot-marks over its dark expanse. Laughingly ordering him down and throwing some snow for him into the darkness, you quicken your pace, a little out of breath, because of the amount of fallen snow, humming fragments of familiar song cheerfully to yourself. Lightheartedly you race over the frozen football field while the ecstatic barks of the dog ring in your ears. Suddenly, out of the darkness, another dog, which you recognize as that of a friend, comes bounding forward, and in a twinkling, the air is rent with bloodcurdling shrieks of war, as the dogs give voice to their mutual enmity. Belatedly the enemies are separated and after much apologizing on both sides, and a lengthy amount of feminine chatter about irrelevant topics, you go your way, laughing quietly over the incident. However the knowledge that others are abroad in the night, has disrupted your previous feeling of oneness with the universe.

Trivial incidents in themselves, and hardly worth mentioning individually, yet it seems to me, that the disadvantages of having friends *are* trivial, as compared to the comfort and happiness that friendship can bring.

JANET SAVAGE, *Sixth Form.*

## IF BUTTONS COULD TALK

Susan stood in front of the full-length mirror, her turquoise taffeta dress bringing out her golden blonde colouring. She tied the black velvet sash around her waist and stepped into her black-heel pumps. Yes, it was perfect, yet something was missing! She studied her image closely. Oh, of course; it was earrings, she needed black earrings! She ran to her mother's jewel box and found none that would do.

"Mother", she called, "Do you have any black earrings?"

"No, dear, I don't think so, but I have always intended to make some, using old buttons", her mother answered. "If you wish, you can run up to the attic and look in grandmother's button box. You might just find something in there that you could use."

Susan ran upstairs, holding her dress high off the steps in case they were dusty. The attic smelled of old paper, clothes and wood. It did not take long to find her grandmother's burned wooden box and she carried it to the window in order to have more light on its contents. She turned the buttons out on the window sill. What lovely things they were! Some were tarnished metal while others, made of glass, caught the light and shone back like jewels. She ran her hands through them, letting them run through her fingers until she held only one tarnished brass button.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if these buttons could tell their stories?" she thought. "I wonder who wore this military button?"—

She held the uniform close to her. It was all she had left of her handsome young soldier husband to whom she had said goodbye such a short time before. She buried her face in its rough texture. She could smell the dried blood on the front. She ran her fingers over the brass buttons as if to shine them for inspection and as she did so, one button came loose. She held it in her hands and, as it had been part of her Confederate hero's uniform, she dropped it into a small pocket near her heart.

Susan picked up a large, grey, mother-of-pearl button that still had a piece of grey wool attached as if it had been torn away with force.—

The two riders cantered down the road. One, a lovely young woman, was riding on a snow white horse and the other, her son Edmund, was riding a small pony. When they came to the crossroads, the mother ran her horse into it, saying, "We had better go this way, there might be soldiers on the main road."

"Who's afraid of Sherman's old army?" answered the young boy. "I'm not, and I can take care of you, Mama. Please let's go the long way home. We haven't been riding since the union soldiers have been in this part of the country."

She knew it was not wise but she turned to follow Edmund down the road for she could not call him back from this distance. About half a mile along the road she saw four horses tied to the fence, it was too late to turn back and before she could join Edmund, a group of men ran from the woods and grabbed her bridle. She dug her heels in the sides of the horse and it reared up, she tried to pull away but they still hung on. As they pulled her from the side-saddle they said, "This is much too fine a horse for a lady to be riding. This is by far the best prize we have found today."

She was too terrified to speak and too afraid that something might happen to her young son, and so she said nothing. The reins were roughly grabbed out of her hands, and with them tore a triangular piece of cloth with a button from her grey riding cloak attached. One of the men unfastened the small English saddle and with a mocking bow, presented it to her.

"Here, Madame, this may be of use to you someday. At the moment, Sherman needs the loan of this white horse."

They mounted their horses and dashed off down the road. The lady stooped to pick up the pearl button and put it into her pocket. She knew that it was the end of the kind of life she had led, but maybe she could mend the coat when she reached home.

Now Susan held in her hand a queer little button, round, with a metal centre. She wondered what kind it could be, for she had never seen one like it before. "It certainly must be an old-timer", she thought.—

Singing voices drifted up to her window. In a moment the hay-wagon would be there and she was not yet dressed.

"See the boat come round the bend

Goodbye, my lover, goodbye" they sang.

India pulled on her high button shoes made of soft white kid. She reached to her dresser for a button-hook and buttoned the twelve buttons, but as she pulled the top one on the second shoe, it came off and rolled under the bed. She would have to get it in the morning, for there was no time now, and besides, no one would see because her skirts came to her ankles. And so she ran to the waiting hay-ride party.

There were several of these white buttons and some plastic ones too. Then Susan discovered a red one and she turned it over and over in her hand, trying to picture it in use.—

"Please, may I wear my red shoes?" asked Dot. "I know it isn't Sunday and I know they are new but I do so love them", she begged. She put on the new shoes and ran out to the waiting wagon where she joined her eight brothers and sisters. Their laughing voices were heard as they rode away, but when they reached the railroad, their voices turned to frantic, terrifying screams. A fast moving train hit the wagon as it raced across the tracks pulled by a runaway horse. Only a small baby, thrown clear, was alive when the great engine and its cars had passed. Much later the mother stooped to pick up a bright red button and held it tightly in her hand. She knew where it came from, for she would never forget the voice of Dot as she asked if she could wear her new red shoes.

Many of the buttons were covered with the materials of the dresses they once adorned. Some of the silk frayed off as Susan touched them. Other buttons were bone, obviously the kind that had been carefully cut from long winter underwear and kept in case of need. She picked up a small glass button and turned it about to catch the light so that she could see the red-rose design under the glass.—

An old woman held the yellowed piece of silk in her hand. Once it had been white, and the hand embroidery had stood out in a beautiful design. It had been one of her wedding gifts that had come all the way from far away China, but now the silk was rotted and there was no use in keeping it any longer. But these lovely glass buttons she would have to keep, and she put them in her button box. Perhaps someday they might come in handy.

And then Susan saw a black button with a flower design carved in it. This was exactly what she was looking for; surely, there was a second one. Her hands ran through the buttons lifting them to uncover others hidden in the pile. Yes, here was a second one, and still a third. These would be exactly right for earrings. She scooped the buttons back in the box, returned the box to the shelf and ran down the attic stairs.

"Mother", she called, "I've found exactly the right buttons for earrings. Come and see", she placed the three buttons in her mother's hand.

"Why, Susan, these are the black jet buttons that were on one of my dresses in my trousseau. It was a turquoise brocade, just about the colour you have on now. The flowers on them are hand-carved and they will be perfectly beautiful as earrings. "I remember" . . . and then she stopped for the happiness she remembered could not be put in words. She could only hope that some of that joy would be transferred to Susan when she wore the black jet button earrings.

Susan ran off to make her earrings, not realizing that she held history in her hand.

ELSILYN BERRILL, *Middle V*.



FAIL, FAIL, FAIL  
(*With apologies to Tennyson*)

Fail, Fail, Fail,  
Says my wandering mind to me,  
O, I would that someone would mutter  
That I could escape a D.

O, well for the brain at my side  
That does her exams with glee,  
O, well for the carefree girl  
Who always gets a B.

And the dreaded tests go on  
Continuing to ruin my day,  
And O, that I could remember my work  
Making me end with an A.

SALLY THORNTON, ELSPETH MCGREEVY,  
*Middle Fifth.*



SUMMER  
(*With apologies to Shakespeare*)

When sunshine brightens all the day,  
And grass is drenched in sparkling dew,  
When birds are singing by the way  
That passes 'neath the azure blue  
Of skies blessed by the sun's bright rays,  
Then daily calls the scolding jay,  
Ca-ca-  
Ca-ca-, a mocking tune,  
While flowers blooming, fade too soon.

When reapers gather ripened corn  
And flowering woods are filled with shade,  
When leaves upon the winds are borne  
And then are gently earthward laid,  
When clouds pass over ocean bays,  
Then daily calls the scolding jay,  
Ca-ca-  
Ca-ca-, a mocking tune,  
While flowers blooming, fade too soon.

LINDA FROSST, *Lower IV.*

NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY  
(*With apologies to Shakespeare*)

When all about the whistling trees,  
The flowers hang loosely on their stems,  
And children sing their songs so free,  
Around the fire with blazing gems,  
When far above the moon shines full,  
Around the field the big, black bull  
Bellows!  
Bucks! with heels held high,  
And head towards the blackened sky.

The stealthy fox creeps through the glen,  
The robins 'snore' in leafy trees,  
The hooting owl flies through the fen,  
The wind plays with the little breeze,  
When lambs sleep in their coats of wool,  
Around the field the big, black bull  
Bellows!  
Bucks! with heels held high,  
And head towards the blackened sky.

JANET GARDINER, *Lower IV.*

# PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION



First Prize: Daphne Wright (tied).

## THE MAGIC VIOLIN

Once upon a time, there lived a poor little boy, with his mother. He hardly ever saw his mother because she was away working all day.

One day when he had had nothing to eat, John (that was the little boy's name) thought he would try to earn some money, and so saying nothing to his mother, he left the little shack and set off down the road. He walked for a long time until he got quite tired, so he decided to take a rest. Nearby he saw a wood with a clearing near the road, so he went and lay down there. Close to the clearing was a brook where he took a drink of water, and then he wondered what he should do. Suddenly he heard a rustling sound, and he wondered what it was. He walked cautiously over to some bushes where he had heard the sound. Lying on the ground was a violin. He had never seen one before, so he was rather scared of it, since he thought it might be alive. Finally, he picked it up, and as he did he heard a very pretty sound. Looking at the violin, he saw that he was touching the strings. Suddenly he had a bright idea. He could earn money this way. He walked into town and played there. He soon got a lot of money and decided to go home. His mother was very glad to see him, and the money which he brought. She asked to see the violin; he went to get it—it wasn't there. He suddenly realized that it must be a magic violin and had gone to someone who needed it.

CARO OGILVIE, *Lower III.*

# Lower School

## THE PRINCESS

Once upon a time a long, long time ago, there lived a little princess named Mary. She had dolls, books, games, and everything, but she was not happy because she had no friends to play with. One night as she lay in bed, and the gypsies were playing on their harps, a great idea came into her head. She jumped out of bed, opened her drawers, took out some of her old clothes, put them on, and then she opened her window, and jumped out. She stuck her head in a flower pot to make it dirty, and ran after the gypsies, to ask them if she could join the band. The gypsies said, "You won't like it! You will have to sleep on the hard ground and you have no harp." "I don't mind the hard ground, and I found a harp on the ground." The gypsies finally let her join the band. One night the gypsies were saying to Mary, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could be princesses." Mary did not know what to say, but she finally was able to say, "Oh y-es it w-would."

One Christmas Eve, Mary's father the king, asked the gypsies if they could come and play on their harps for him. Mary burst out and said, "Father, I will come back to you if you let my gypsies be my sisters."

"Certainly I will", said the king. So Mary once again was living in the palace, but she was much happier, because she had someone to play with and they all lived happily ever after.

CATHY JARVIS, *Upper A*—Age 9.

## THE STRANGE ANIMAL

Once upon a time there was a strange animal. It was striped and had two heads. It had a corn-on-the-cob tail. It lived in the jungle. One day it saw a little boy running by. He saw the animal and thought he was funny and so he said, "Mr. Corn-on-the-cob, may I have your tail?" The strange animal looked at his tail and said, "Gr-r-r-r-r." Then it chased the little boy away from the jungle.

ELIZABETH DANN, *Upper B*—Age 6.

## THE FOX AND THE BEAR

One day, the Bear was eating honey and the Fox came in and asked if he could have some of it. But the Bear got cross and said, "There is only enough for me." This decided the Fox to get even with the Bear. So the Fox told him that he knew where there was a big comb of honey, enough for both of them. "Come with me," he said. He took the Bear to a big hollow log. The Bear was greedy and pushed the Fox away and ran to the log. He tried to reach the honey with his paw but he could not. So the Fox said, "Put your head in. You can reach it that way." The Bear pushed his head into the log, but he could not find the honey. When he tried to get out he was stuck. The Fox ran away laughing and said, "Next time do not be so greedy."

ANNE STIKEMAN, *Lower A*—Age 8.

## MY MOUSE

I have a little mouse  
Who is cuddly and brown.  
He lives in my doll's house  
And wears a little crown.

He smokes a little pipe,  
And has a yellow pocket  
In a shirt of some type,  
And he wears a little locket.

He has a little bed  
With a pillow that's white,  
His covers are red  
And he reads by candlelight.

JUDITH STEWART,  
*Upper A*,  
Age 8.

## THE FAIRY AND THE ELF

I have a little fairy,  
And I keep her on my shelf,  
And no one knows about her,  
Except a little elf.  
He is a funny fellow,  
And he sometimes wears a cap.  
I know he sits upon my bed,  
Whene'er I take a nap.  
No one's ever seen them,  
The fairy and the elf,  
Except of course, myself.

PRUE HUGMAN,  
*Upper A*,  
Age 8.



## THE STORY OF MY CAT

I have a cat called Suka Seal Point, Sukey for short. My Father and Mother gave her to me; she is Siamese. When she was little she was white, with blue eyes. In the mornings my Mother had to make warm pablum for her. It was rather expensive to buy pablum for a cat, but we did not think so. It was a pleasure to do anything for her. At lunch time she originally had Puss'n Boots, but it was too rich for her. She usually had Dr. Ballard's fish food. At supper she had chicken liver or sardines. Before she went to bed she had babies' food. She had a little bed in the basement, but she screamed and wailed so pitifully that my Mother let her up. Ever since then she has slept on my bed or my Mother's. She does not sleep on my Father's bed at all, because my Father teases her. He opens a magazine, and puts her in, with only her nose and tail showing, and then he swings her to and fro. Sukey sleeps occasionally on my Father's bed, because he has a new soft blanket which Sukey likes very much. When Sukey was little I made up a poem. My Father helped me a little. This is it.

I have a little Sukey  
And she comes from Siam  
Her eyes are blue and her nose is brown  
And she puckers her face in the cutest frown  
She unsheaves her claws from her paws of silk  
And loudly cries for her pablum and milk.

Now Sukey is big, and has changed colour. Her tail, ears, paws, and mask are dark brown, almost black. Her fur is a dark beige colour, and her eyes are a deeper blue. She is still alive.

LOUISE ROBERTSON,  
*Upper A—Age 8.*

## THE STORY OF OLLY THE OYSTER

Deep down in the bottom of the sea lives Olly the Oyster. Today Olly is going over to his sister's house, but on the way he has to go past Sammy the Starfish's house, so he has to be extra careful, for just last night he had caught Olly's friend and had a good meal out of him. Olly can only walk very slowly for he has just one foot which is quite big, but it barely pulls him along. When Olly got to his sister's house he found a good meal of flies waiting for him, But he could not find his sister. Then he heard a faint scream which came from the cupboard, he went to the door, and there was his sister all tied up. Then out from under the table came Sammy Starfish. They both started to fight, but Olly won and brought his sister great happiness. The next day Olly was found on the shore, by a poor little girl, who brought him home and opened him. There inside was a pearl. So the poor little girl was not poor any more. That is how an oyster brought happiness to his sister and a human being.

JUDY PARISH,  
*Upper A—Age 9.*

## THE DANDELION

Oh Dandelion as yellow as gold  
What do you all day?  
I sit in the sun and wait  
Till the children come to play.  
They pick me up in their small hands  
And blow my hair away.

PENNY DOLMAN,  
*Lower A—Age 8.*

## DANCING FOR A BURGLAR

It was a cold frosty night and I was all alone in the house. Being my first time alone in the house I was very frightened.

Minutes later, in bed, I thought I heard a strange noise as though someone was creeping up the stairs. I tried to convince myself it was only imagination, but the noise kept getting louder and louder. I could hear my heart beating just like a drum. The steps sounded closer and closer, until suddenly the door opened. I scarcely breathed as a shadow of a man slowly moved across the wall. Then to my horror, the light was clicked on. It took a few minutes before my eyes became accustomed to the light, but when they did, I gasped, clutching the bed post for support. There before me, standing about six feet tall and wearing a mask over his eyes, was a burglar.

He was pointing his gun at me and he said, "Dance, I command you to dance. I want some entertainment while I look for some loot."

I was still a bit dazed, but after taking a second look at the gun, I did as he commanded.

He searched the house from top to bottom not missing a nook or corner. He gathered up all our best silverware and took all our jewels. He even looked in all the sugar bowls so he would be sure not to miss a cent. All this time I danced. When he moved from room to room I moved too, dancing all the way. After helping himself to all our valuables, he raided our refrigerator. Still dancing, I was feeling like a butterfly with an injured wing, but everytime I tried to stop dancing he pointed his gun at me.

Finally, he decided he had collected enough loot and he let me stop dancing. After cutting our telephone wires, he tied me securely to a chair and put a gag in my mouth. He glanced around the room just in case he had forgotten something. Then after uttering a most hideous laugh which made the shivers go down my back, he started towards the stairs with his bag of loot over his shoulder. I heard him creep down the stairs, but after that I heard nothing, though I gathered he must have come in a window, because all the doors were locked.

After he was gone, I tried to think how he could have gotten in a window, but then decided it was more important to try and get myself loose. I twisted and turned and did everything to try and get loose, but it was no use. I then gave one last twist which jerked the chair, and it fell to the ground with a loud bang.

Just then I awoke to find myself lying on the floor of my bedroom. My sheets were all tangled around me, but I was not hurt. The noise had startled my mother, and she came in and helped me untangle the sheets, then told me she had a surprise.

"I have arranged for you to take dancing lessons from a very good teacher and I know it will be fun," she said.

"Oh! no," I cried. "Never again."

After thinking it over, I didn't mind taking the lessons as long as my horrible dancing experience was only a dream.

BRENDA BRIDGMAN, *Lower IV*.

## ANDI THE DHONGUS

When I was in Java, we had a servant whose name was Andi. He always wore a sarong; everyday he had a big smile on his face; he had flat feet because he wore no shoes or sandals; he had shiny black hair that was a bit curly. Andi was a very eager and hard working person. Daddy used to give him his old army pants, which were far too big for him, and so he had to roll them up. When he went out, he thought he was the smartest person there. He would use up all his money in about half an hour. Andi lived with his family at the back of our house, where he would eat his meals. The people in Indonesia eat with their fingers and use big banana leaves rolled around their food to make little packets. Sometimes, when Andi brought me home from school, he used to buy one of these packets for me; they always had very nice things in them to eat. We all really loved Andi and I remember even mummy was crying when we had to leave him behind. We could not take him because he had so many children and it would have cost daddy too much money. I often think about him and wish we had his happy smiling face here.

GABRIELLE MOQUETTE, *Upper III*.

## THE MEXICAN

A taxi drew up in front of the forbidding grey mansion, and the driver leaned out of the window to make sure he hadn't made a mistake. Out of the close fog the grimy stone letters above the massive door grinned in the headlights, "Black Willow Children's Orphanage". He turned off the engine, got out, and opened the car door. Suddenly the coarse hairs on the back of his neck stood up. He gave a quick sputtering sound as though he were being strangled. Out of the car had glided a dog, and seemingly in the air, above the dog, a boy floated!

But no, here was the little chap standing at his feet, shivering and looking up at him with the flat black eyes of his race. The driver bent down and took the little boy's hand to lead him to the door, trying to be oblivious of the oily, gliding dog at his heels. He rang and the impregnable square of oak opened, giving out a very faint light, as though the old building was reluctant to waste electricity. The man quickly bowed his head as he always did when he met a woman suddenly, face to face. He muttered a few incomprehensible words, turned, and fled, his head whirling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Spinnery was busy. "Do not disturb" read the notice on the door, but it was meant for the passing children, and had been there for years. Not that the children were ever noisy . . . no, Miss Spinnery herself had been known to remark on the children never having had an inclination to be so. It was just that when she had first taken her position as matron, she had thought it would be a good idea to put up the notice in case the children got rowdy, but had now forgotten its existence. It had no meaning, yet it was full of odious threatenings, as Mary Barclay was finding out, standing in front of it. Five minutes passed, during which Mary stood still, knowing that Miss Spinnery was fully aware of her presence. She didn't know how she knew—she just did. She knocked, she entered, and the spell was broken.

"Miss Spinnery, I'm sorry to bother you, but I thought you'd like to know—a little boy has just come." The words flowed easily from practice.

"Thank you, Mary . . . Yes? what is it?"

"Miss Spinnery, he's a Mexican—he brought a big yellow dog with red eyes." Her voice sunk to a whisper. "Take my advice and get rid of them both *now*, when you have the chance. There's something . . . nasty . . . about them."

Miss Spinnery was used to these "skeery feelin's" of Mary

"Don't let's allow our imaginations to run away with us. As to your wish to send them away, we will certainly have to send the dog. I'm surprised you ever let it in. We have a hard enough time giving the children sufficient to eat, let alone a worthless dog. I shall see to them both in thirty minutes sharp. Meanwhile, give the boy supper, and lock up the dog. Thank you."

She kept her word and at six thirty sharp was being scrutinized by both dog and boy. The boy was very ugly with straight black hair and irregular features, and the dog was no beauty either, being a mongrel. But they struck her as very singular in the way they depended on each other. The boy's arm was around the dog's neck, and they were in themselves defiance, pride. But one must come down to business.

Looking around the ward with all the nurses engaged in their work, Miss Spinnery resolved not to make a scene.

"Why, Miss Barclay, I asked you to have the dog locked up. Why wasn't that done?"

Mary's eyes were downcast like those of a disgraced child.

"We all tried, but the boy refused to let him."

Miss Spinnery's voice was suddenly shrill as she turned to the boy. "You mean to say you have the nerve to think of bringing a dog to a poor orphanage which volunteers to keep you although it has trouble enough as it is? A great hulking piece of meat that probably eats more than all the children combined?"

She was compelled to stop and stare at the child. He regarded her expressionlessly, except for a dull glaze of sullenness clouding his eyes. All at once the dog made an impatient movement which seemed to transfer to the boy. He dropped his gaze and said, "No".

"No". Miss Spinnery's puzzled look awoke Mary.

"He doesn't speak English except for that word, matron."



"I see," she said gently, "then he will never know why he mustn't keep his dog here". She didn't know why she said that, for surely after he learned English, it would be explained to him. But she was uneasy, and certainly not reassured.

For the night the dog was kept in a shed. In the morning he was to be taken away. But at one in the morning the little dark-skinned boy shuddered and died and at dawn no trace was to be found of the dog.

\* \* \* \* \*

The taxi driver was on night shift. He was dozing in a chair in the little cabin with the telephone, when he woke up with a startled jerk. The hairs on the back of his neck stood straight up and his body grew stiff as a poker. Out of the window the gliding shape of a dog went by, and in the air, above the dog, the form of a boy floated, silhouetted against the moon. A mournful howl sounded through the early morning air. The driver fainted.

ANN WELDON, *Lower V.*

### LOWER FIFTH GO TO OTTAWA

April 30th being a rainy day, Lower five arrived at the Westmount Station complete with rainy weather accessories. Some optimists, however, turned up with white shoes and summer clothes, which later proved more suitable.

After meeting Miss Lamont and Miss Currie, we enjoyed a train trip on which everyone caught up on their news of the movies. Then we arrived overdue at Ottawa's Union Station, and were met by a change of weather, and Mr. Champagne.

Having had an invitation to visit the mint, we literally ran through it, gathering information as best we could through the noise. As a token of our tour of the mint, most of us bought silver dollars, wondering at the same time why we needed them to remember it by!

Next on our agenda were the Archives where we saw a reminder of our own province, a scale model of Quebec City in 1797, and portraits of Famous Reformers, all of which illustrated our History classes.

The War Museum, not far from the Archives, had more modern exhibits some of which we were able to try out.

After several promises of lunch, we were directed to the Chateau Laurier cafeteria. There certainly was a challenge, we thought, as we passed the lengthy counters of food. But, as a result of our healthy appetites, the bills were also lengthy!

The Parliament Buildings were scheduled to fill our afternoon and so we photographed our way to the entrance. Once there, we visited the Memorial Chamber, where an altar honours the dead of World War I. This was interesting as there was a discussion in the House of Commons whether there should be a similar memorial honouring the victims of World War II. We then kept an appointment with the Hon. Mr. Marler who, on being introduced, recognized some of us by our parental traits.

The most important (and most enlightening to our History class) part of the day came next. We filed into the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons, conveniently placing ourselves in separate groups throughout the audience and heard the lengthy arguments, some by the Prime Minister and Mr. Drew.

Leaving before the question of reduced taxes for school equipment was answered, Miss Lamont hurried us back to the station where we retrieved our rubbers umbrellas and raincoats from the locker we had rented, and started for home.

FELICITY BALLANTYNE, GINNY STIKEMAN, *Lower V.*

### PARODY ON THE LADY OF SHALLOTT

Within the silent classrooms lie  
Long rows of desks that meet the eye,  
Once used by those who there did die,  
Waiting for time to pass them by

On Friday afternoon.

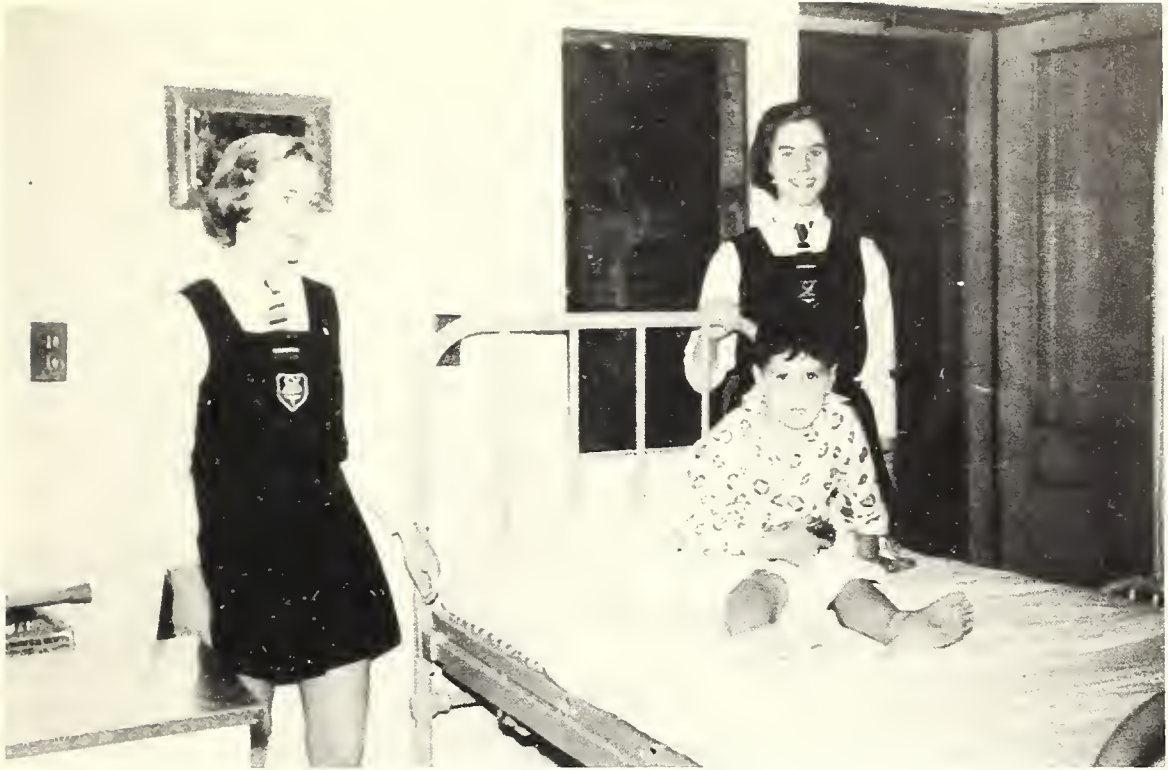
And up and down the teachers go  
Glaring at the answers slow,  
On the papers there below,  
That Friday afternoon.

Faces whiten, students shiver,  
Little brain-waves faintly quiver,  
Through the minds that strain forever,  
At the questions ceasing never

On Friday afternoon.

Four grey walls and blackboards dour  
Overlook the tedious hour,  
All the pupils lose their power  
Under countenances sour  
That Friday afternoon.

*Middle V.*



Visiting the Patricia Drummond Cot.

### THE SCHOOL CHARITIES

This year the entire school has taken an enthusiastic interest in its charities, and the Sixth form has done its best to keep this interest alive. As a result, we raised the unbelievable amount of \$1,501.90 at our bazaar in October. Of this money, \$500 went to the Negro Community centre in Montreal for redecorating its building, and \$400 was sent to the Mackay Institute for the Deaf to be used for the same purpose. We gave \$350. to the Montreal Day Nursery which provided Christmas gifts for all the children. (Some of us were fortunate enough to witness the happy smiles of these youngsters when they gratefully received their gifts). The rest of the bazaar money was set aside for charitable demands upon the sixth form during the year. Part of this bought a baby tenda and thirty pairs of socks for the children's ward of the Montreal Neurological Institute which was in dire need of equipment.

The Lower school also participated in charitable work this year. They held a thanksgiving service to which each child brought a festive hamper to be given to the children in Summerhill house, an orphanage across the road.

At Christmas time the Staff and each form of the middle and upper school sent baskets of food, clothing and gifts to needy families within the city. The many notes of thanks received in return showed us to what an extent our baskets helped to brighten their Christmases.

The school has continued to take up a weekly collection to support a cot in the Montreal Children's Hospital in memory of Patricia Drummond, who died of scarlet fever while attending the Study. A collection was also taken up for both the Red Feather and the Red Cross.

Because we supported several organizations within the city, it was decided that some money should be sent to Europe where it is even more desperately needed. And so, through the Save the Children Fund, we sent fifty dollars to sponsor a child in Italy for a year. We hope that in future the school will continue to sponsor and to correspond with Teresa Picassi, our little Italian girl whom we have never seen but of whom we have already grown very fond.

PHOEBE REDPATH,  
*Sixth Form.*

## GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Mrs Howard Gordon, a member of the Study Old Girls' Association, was very kind in giving us "White Trees", a picture painted by Miss Seath. This painting now graces the wall opposite the door of Miss Lamont's office, where all can admire it.

Upon his retirement from the Board of Governors, Mr. J. H. Vale has established a prize for general proficiency in the Sixth Form, and has also presented to the school, a die of the Study Crest, which is to be stamped on all prize books. Needless to say, both these gifts are more than appreciated by us.

Our newly established record library is slowly growing in size and this year, thanks to the kindness of Dr. C. E. Tidmarsh, was increased by his gift of four long-playing records. In addition to this, Alan Mills has again very generously presented us with some of his own records.

The piano in the Lower School is now sure to remain in good condition for a number of years to come, because of Mr. Alan McNaughton's most welcome gift of a humidifier.

The Science department is very grateful for Mr. and Mrs. Robertson's presentation of two microscopes, which were badly needed.

This year, the library has been further enriched by many donations of books, for which we gratefully thank Dr. and Mrs. Berrill, who presented copies of their own books, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Alan McNaughton. Special thanks are also due to the Study Old Girls' Association for their continued generosity in donating books.

SANDRA WALLIS, *Sixth Form.*

## THE STREAM

Flowing through the valley,  
Winding past the mill,  
Gathering the streamlets,  
As it hurries down the hill.

Onwards o'er the rapids,  
With spray still thrown high.  
As cliffs rebound the echo  
Of water rushing by.

Running through the moss land  
Gurgling clear and cool,  
Towards the noisy waterfall,  
Down to the fishing pool.

And now a mighty river  
It meets its journey's end  
For yonder in the distance  
The ocean's arms extend.

SANDRA HERRON, *Lower IV.*

## MY LITTLE BOAT

I had a little boat,  
I put it out to float,  
It floated out to sea,  
And went away from me.  
It floated to a little boy  
And now he has a lovely toy.  
A toy to float out to sea,  
And maybe someday back to me.

BARBARA GURBERG, *Lower III.*

## SNOWFLAKES

When the snow comes gently down  
Like feathers from an eiderdown,  
They rock just like a little boat,  
As they gently downward float.

But when the wind does strongly blow,  
It changes then the feathery snow.  
It stings like needles on your face,  
And skips around from place to place.

SUSAN BAXTER, *Lower III.*



# ROLL CALL

## UPPER SCHOOL

### *Mu Gamma*

Judy Northey, *Head and Games Captain*  
 Hana Schneider, *Sub-Head*  
 Jill Angus  
 Felicity Ballantyne  
 Ann Barclay  
 Brenda Bridgman  
 Janet Bueb  
 Jennifer Carroll  
 Linda Coristine  
 Gail Corneil  
 Penny Corneil  
 Diana Covert  
 Mary Darling  
 Susan Darling  
 Joan De Pass  
 Kathleen Dorrian  
 Jacqueline Evans  
 Elizabeth Fieldhouse  
 Cinda Harper  
 Deirdre Henderson  
 Gillian Hill  
 Diana Johnson  
 Joan Johnson  
 Jill Johnson  
 Isabel Joseph  
 Ann Keeley  
 Judy Kerby  
 Marguerite L'Anglais  
 Elspeth McGreevy  
 Sally Meakins  
 Sandra Meakins  
 Althea Nonnenman  
 Anne Pepall  
 Susan Sharp  
 Sandra Smith  
 Wendy Stevenson  
 Virginia Stikeman  
 Sandra Wallis

### *Kappa Rho*

Electa McMaster, *Head*  
 Sybil Safdie, *Sub-Head*  
 Ann Van Alstyne, *Games Captain*  
 Doreen Adair  
 Sheila Bell  
 Elsilyn Berrill  
 Veronica Butler  
 Mary Cape  
 Jean Collison  
 Jennifer Dixon  
 Sally Farrell  
 Kathie Fisher  
 Janet Gardiner  
 Ann Gibbon  
 Betty Gray  
 Lesley Gray  
 Anne Hale  
 Abigail MacInnes  
 Susan McArthur  
 Mary McDougall  
 Martha McMaster  
 Gabrielle Moquette  
 Marjorie Pitblado  
 Gael Pootmans  
 Sally Porteous  
 Sonia Stairs  
 Diana Stephens  
 Carolyn Strauss  
 Mary Thom  
 Joanie Thornton  
 Sara Thornton  
 Alexandra Weil  
 Louise Whitaker  
 Barbara White  
 Caroline White

### *Beta Lambda*

Janet Savage, *Head*  
 Heather McIntosh, *Sub-Head and Games Captain*  
 Anne Bruce  
 Sherrill Christmas  
 Ann Crocker  
 Caroline Doyle  
 Diana Fairman  
 Jean Finnie  
 Jill Jenkins  
 Priscilla Kuhner  
 Marny Landsberg  
 Susan Lerew  
 Erica Lerway  
 Mary Louson  
 Jean Macarthur  
 Joan Macarthur  
 Jane MacFarlane  
 Mary MacFarlane  
 Diana MacKay  
 Mary MacKay  
 Heather MacLean  
 Marilyn Maughan  
 Nancy McEntyre  
 Joyce McEwen  
 Martha Meagher  
 Sherrill Nelson  
 Lynne Parish  
 Lindsay Scott  
 Lynda Southam  
 Wendy Tidmarsh  
 Martha Trower  
 Jennifer Trower  
 Margaret Wallace  
 Ann Weldon

### *Delta Beta*

Daphne Wright, *Head*  
 Lyn Geddes, *Sub-Head*  
 Audrey Hamilton, *Games Captain*  
 Mimi Baird  
 Susan Baxter  
 Wilson Baxter  
 Sally Birks  
 Christine Bone  
 Mary Bone  
 Susan Brainerd  
 Mary Brinsden  
 Martha Cassils  
 Betty Cragg  
 Peta Dodd  
 Susan Eversfield  
 Linda Frosst  
 Barbara Gurberg  
 Joan Haley  
 Sandra Herron  
 Prue Heward  
 Penny Hugman  
 Margaret Lynne Jaques  
 Karen Keator  
 Diana King  
 Virginia Mathias  
 Diana McLernon  
 Lynda Melling  
 Janet Montgomery  
 Dione Newman  
 Caro Ogilvie  
 Beatrice Redpath  
 Phoebe Redpath  
 Diane Reid  
 Angela Richardson  
 Eleanor Tweedy

## LOWER SCHOOL

### *UPPER A*

Jane Collyer  
 Jeanette du Berrier  
 Betty Finnie  
 Eleanor Fleet  
 Mary Hallam  
 Caroline Henwood  
 Jane Horner  
 Prudence Hugman  
 Cathy Jarvis  
 Vicki Keator  
 Elizabeth Macnaughton  
 Judy Parish  
 Joel Pootmans  
 Joanne Robertson  
 Louise Robertson  
 Judith Stewart  
 Jill Taylor  
 Susan Thompson

### *LOWER A*

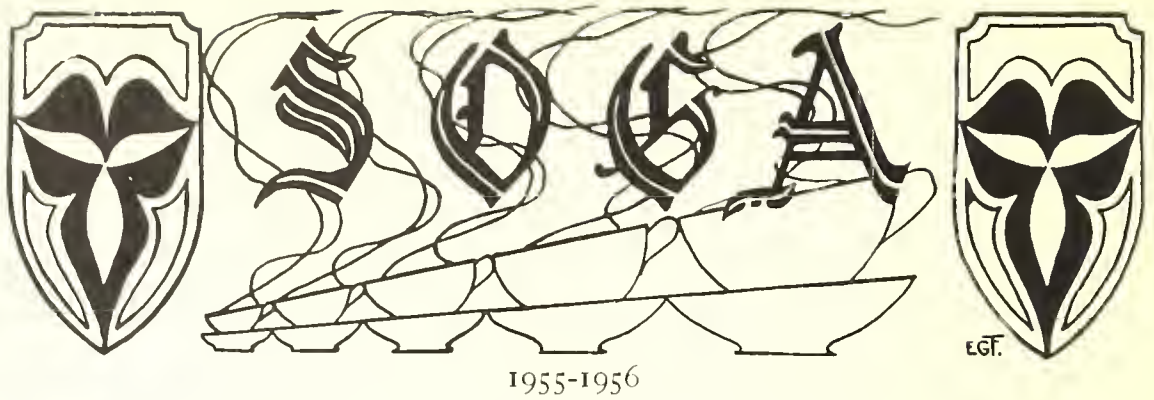
Judy Bonnar  
 Pamela Chase  
 Jocelyn Colby  
 Penny Dolman  
 Penny Feifer  
 Susan Fisher  
 Eleanor Francis  
 Martha Gal  
 Jill Gardiner  
 Nora Hague  
 Anne L'Anglais  
 Gay Lerew  
 Margaret Martin  
 Andrea Newman  
 Mary Pat Stephens  
 Ann Stikeman  
 Elizabeth Stikeman

### *UPPER B*

Pegi Bates  
 Sally Baxter  
 Gaby Blanke  
 Elizabeth Dann  
 Susan Galt  
 Wendy Gilbert  
 Judy Hollander  
 Taffy Hutchins  
 Gail Russel  
 Gail Victor  
 Ricki Zinman

### *LOWER B*

Lindsay Bell  
 Esme Carroll  
 Susan Clapham  
 Judy Fisher  
 Jennifer Forbes  
 Barbara Gitnick  
 Ellen Horner  
 Kathy Kanter  
 Robin Knight  
 Wendy Kyles  
 Sarah Larratt-Smith  
 Cindy Morton  
 Carla Petapiece  
 Nancy Savage  
 Betty Sazie  
 Hinda Schreiber



#### EXECUTIVE

*President:* Mrs. Peter Kerrigan, 38 Anwoth Road, Westmount.  
*Vice-President:* Mrs. Brian McGreevy, 1522 Summerhill Ave., Montreal.  
*Secretary:* Mrs. Hugh Johnston, 1 Severn Ave., Westmount.  
*Treasurer:* Mrs. Victor Hugman, 22 Arlington Ave., Westmount.  
*Ass't Treasurer:* Mrs. John Bates, 3245 Cedar Ave., Westmount.

#### COMMITTEE

Mrs. Joanna Farrell, 4080 Highland Ave., Montreal.  
 Mrs. Lorne Walls, 4095 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal.  
 Miss Diana Harrison, 579 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount.  
 Miss Susan Starkey, 465 Cote St. Antoine Rd., Westmount.

#### PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I think I can quite truthfully say that never before has the S.O.G.A. had as active a year as it has in 1955-56. Over the past few years there has been a definite reawakening of interest among many Old Girls and our paid-up membership now stands at 121. Last year the S.O.G.A. became very interested in helping to establish some sort of an adequate retirement fund for members of the School staff, as everyone felt a definite responsibility in this direction.

The support that this idea has received has been very gratifying and we embarked on two major projects to try and raise some money. A separate committee was set up for each project, that of the "Art From the Study" being chaired by Mrs. Lorne Walls, and that of the "Turnabout Shop" by Mrs. Joanna Farrell, and a detailed report follows on both of these very successful ventures. A great many Old Girls have worked very hard this past year "for the Old School", but I think that Joanna Farrell particularly, and her vice-chairman of the shop committee, Shirley Stairs, both deserve some sort of medals for the time and interest they have given to establish the Turnabout Shop. They both have put in so much time on Shop business that I am sure their families wish that the Turnabout Shop had never come into existence!

Once again this year, the S.O.G.A. gave a prize for the annual public-speaking contest in the School, and it continues to fulfil its promise of giving the school library \$100 a year for 3 consecutive years. We are attempting to improve our filing system, and to keep as up to date as possible on all changes of names and addresses. Diana Harrison has agreed to take permanent charge of our files, and we now have a fairly complete list of all girls who ever went to the school as well as an up to date file of all active members. We would appreciate it, though, if you would notify Diana of any changes in name or address, and also if you know of any Old Girls who might like to become active members, and are just waiting for an invitation (although actually it is not necessary to wait for one!)

I will close by saying a very sincere thank-you to my committee, and also to the scores of Old Girls who have helped in our projects this year.

CLAIRE KERRIGAN.

## TURNABOUT SHOP, INC.

Notes for 1956

### *Board of Directors.*

*President:* Mrs. J. W. Farrell. Joint Chairman of Pricing. Public Relations Chairman.

*Vice-Chairman:* Mrs. John Stairs. Joint Chairman of Pricing. Advertising Chairman.

*Secretary:* Mrs. John Fairlie. Chairman of Volunteers.

*Treasurer:* Mrs. J. F. B. Amsden.

Mrs. Murray Cassils. Stock Chairman.

Mrs. J. C. Cushing. Chairman of Reconditioning.

Mrs. Curzon Dobell.

Mrs. Victor Hugman. Chairman of Buying and Maintenance.

Mrs. John Jenkins. Chairman of Driving.

Mrs. Peter Kerrigan. President of S.O.G.A. (ex officio) Display Chairman.

Mrs. William Stewart. Assistant Treas. and Corres. Secretary.

On November 24, 1956, Turnabout Shop, Inc. opened its doors for business.

At 4467 St. Catherine Street, West, we had found a four room apartment on the main floor of an elderly red brick house. The rooms had been repainted, furniture borrowed and four hideous dress racks had been rented. The stock which consisted, for the most part, of good-as-new clothes for boys and girls was displayed on these racks with what charm we could muster.

A week before our opening date we secured the services of Mrs. John Porteous. Mrs. Porteous came to us to take charge of selling and it was most unfortunate that after Christmas her health made it necessary for her to go on a half time schedule. In March, we engaged Mrs. Lennox Black to hold the fort on Saturdays, so Turnabout is now open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

From the moment we opened, business was encouraging. One customer after another said, "But I thought that this was supposed to be a second-hand store. Have these clothes really been worn before?" This type of comment made us feel that the hours of work, the sorting of clothes and the very real agonizing over what our standards should be would pay off. In February we really emerged from the initial experimental stage and reached a working blue-print of our own. The methods we have arrived at are strikingly like those in operation in similar re-sale clothing shops in Toronto and in New York. In fact, in the latter place, at the Chapin-Brearley Exchange, Turnabout's President felt as if she had never left the back room at 4467 St. Catherine St., West, the talk and the problems were identical.

Apparently all shops worry about returning one-half to three-quarters of the articles submitted to them for re-sale. They also worry in case their suppliers may be choked off by the low prices that they have to set. Low prices are essential because shops like Turnabout have to beat retail store sale prices. Shop and owner in general split the selling price of an article on an even fifty-fifty basis. Frequently the sum involved is not the fortune that the owner had been dreaming about. Nor, of course, is it a fortune for the shop which must depend for its profit on a large turnover.

Turnabout will close for the summer on June 12, and will re-open at the same address in the autumn of Sept. 4. The School's Retirement Fund is now five hundred dollars richer for Turnabout's first five months of operation.

Turnabout could achieve nothing without its volunteers. They have all been wonderful and have pitched into a multitude of jobs—staffing the shop (selling, pricing, short order reconditioning, storing out of season clothes, arranging clothes for display, driving (returning some of the rejected clothing, etc.), paying suppliers quarterly by cheque (a big job, this one) telephoning and mailing, reconditioning clothes at home, etc., etc.

Turnabout cannot thank its volunteers enough, nor can we begin to thank our many generous and patient friends who have solved our legal, financial, insurance and advertising problems. Mention must also be made of those who have come to our aid with donations as various as paper bags, clothing racks, a frigidaire, moth balls, cardboard boxes, clothing and hard cash.





Master Philip MacKenzie (son of Kathryn MacKenzie)  
at the Shop.



Mrs. Murray Savage receiving the first cheque paid  
out by the Turnabout Shop.

This is not a proper report. It is a rough sketch of a new venture. Looking back over these first months I almost wonder how we did it. I am sure that everybody connected with them recognizes the extent and the quality of the effort that the first Board of Directors of Turnabout has put into the Shop. All the directors have shared the load, but Shirley Stairs must be singled out because, as Vice-President, she was always ready to leap into the breach and, if I may mix a metaphor, was a tower of strength to everybody.

Turnabout has got away to a highly promising start. Everything indicates that in it we have found the answer to our long-term money-raising problem. But Turnabout will only succeed if the Old Girls will really support it. There is a job for anyone and everyone. It's hard work, but it's fun.

JOANNA FARRELL.

*Turnabout's Volunteers for 1955-56.*

*Mothers of girls at the Study:* Mesdames Bone, Baird, Bruce, Corneil, Doyle, Evans, Fairman, Henderson, Southam, Smith, Meagher, Lyman, Stevenson, Macfarlane, L'Anglais.

*Old Girls:* Elizabeth Vale, Elizabeth Hale, Miriam Tees, Diana Wright, Angela Cassils, Judith Dobell, Anne Powell, Dorothy Coward Martin, Isobel Lamplough Overing, Margery Stevenson Winslow, Norah Richardson Bryant, Dorothy Benson, Diana Gaherty, Nancy Kerrigan Johnson, Constance l'Anglais, Joyce Pyke McGreevy, Eleanor Peck Mitchell, Charlotte Stairs Starkey, Nancy Johnson Savage, Gayle Calder Stoker, Muriel Garrow Schwob, Aileen Stairs White, Barbara Maclean Walls, Frances Barnes Beardmore, Anne Grafftey Shemilt, Elizabeth Hodge Mackenzie.

## ART FROM THE STUDY

On the evening of November 22nd, 1955, at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, the Old Girls held an art sale and exhibition known as "Art From the Study". The idea for this money raising venture seemed to develop quite naturally because the appreciation of art, which Miss Seath devotedly taught us, has become a delightful part of our lives. The purpose of the evening was to raise money as a contribution from the Old Girls to the Study Retirement Fund.

"Art From the Study" was a huge success. First of all, approximately five hundred people filled the Lecture Hall that night at the Museum which was a wonderful tribute to Miss Seath; then it also revived a great interest in the S.O.G.A. and brought back many Old Girls who had long ago strayed from the fold; and last but not least, we were thrilled too that we had netted \$3,229.94 altogether.

There were sixty-eight extremely generous artists who contributed their work, including Miss Seath who gave three watercolours and two oils, one of which was the door prize. Forty-four of the artists were Old Girls, and twenty-three were pupils at the school. We collected some wonderful work in every form from these people—pottery, sculpture, etchings, oils, watercolours, drawings, Christmas cards, and a very decorative screen. Some of the gayest work was done by the school girls most of whom were very young indeed.

With all this marvellous variety and enthusiasm the art show started in high spirits which rapidly progressed with the evening. When people had finished their buying, Barbara Whitley appeared on the dais to enchant us all with her own special humour. She first spoke of Miss Seath and those wonderful art lessons, then she acted as auctioneer to sell some unsold pictures. A big moment came when Barbara drew for the door prize—a lovely study of ocean plant life by Miss Seath—and Ian Bovey had the lucky ticket.

Mrs. Howard Gordon bought White Tree, an oil painting by Miss Seath, and then very generously donated it to the School. It has been hung in Miss Lamont's study for all to see, and the School is very thrilled with it.

Not enough can be said for the artists' generosity in making "Art From the Study" such a success. But the success was also the result of very hard work by the committee; Mrs. Stirling Maxwell and Miss Dorothy Blair were ticket chairmen; Mrs. Gordon Reed did the decorations; and the others on the committee were Audrey MacDermot, Joanna Farrell, Barbara Heward, Katherine Mackenzie and Belle Peniston.

BARBARA WALLS.

## OLD GIRLS' NEWS

Mrs. Curzon Dobell (Isabel Barclay) is assistant to the Curator of the McCord Museum at McGill University. She is also the present chairman of The Study Board of Governors and on the committee of the Montreal Children's Library. Her book on exploration entitled "Worlds Without End" is being published by Doubleday & Co. in New York this June.

We congratulate Ann Powell on winning a Women's University Scholarship, and Ann Peacock on winning the Papineau Cup for public speaking at McGill University.

Many Old Girls are continuing their studies at home, abroad, or in the U.S.A. Attending McGill are Elizabeth Hague, Gail Gnaedinger, Judy Darling, Joan McKnight, Anna Guthrie, Deirdre Smart, Ann Barnett, Susan Starkey, Sue Cushing, Hilary Thomas, Gail McEachern, Judy Dobell, Elizabeth Vale, Ann Powell, Pearl Sperber Gameroff, Joan Kimber, Margaret Robertson, Diana Gaherty, Ann Ballantyne, Joyce Blond, Marcia Crombie, Grace and Martha Richardson. Quite a representation! Also Jane Aitken and Judy Thomas are in physiotherapy and Mary Stavert has entered first year law.

At other Canadian Colleges and Universities are Dorothy McIntosh at Dalhousie, Anne Hayes at Queen's, Dorothy Johnson and Judy Case at Macdonald. Pat Southam is at Mount Allison and Connie L'Anglais is attending the University of Montreal.

In the United States are Faith Heward and Cynthia Molson at Radcliffe, Mary Van Alstyne and Sue Brown at Wellesley, and Sally Bradeen at Pine Manor. Joyce Kirkpatrick is studying dramatics in New York, the same school that Grace Kelly attended—good luck, Jo!

Europe has Bev. Mellen and Cammy Porteous studying in Switzerland, while Sylvia Randall is in London and Bryden McCarthy at Oxford. The Judys, McGreevy and Kirkpatrick, are studying art in London, as are Annabell Mitchell and Shirley Wales in Paris.

Judy Lennon and Bev. Hastings are both student nurses and Gayle Calder Stoker and Sue Marler are graduates. Others working in hospitals are Angela Cassils, Judy Mather, Mary Bogert, Elizabeth Hastings, Barbara Kemp—all in various capacities.

In the literary field Marcia Crombie did some feature writing for The Gazette last summer and apparently Jane Ramsay Giblin is writing a book.

Of the many girls doing secretarial work Sheila White seems to have an interesting post, working in the Sudanese Embassy in London.

Jill Crossen, doing freelance work, will be seen this summer doing a huge mural in the Van Horne district.

Carlyn Kruger is one of our Old Girls who has achieved international recognition for her accomplishments in the ski-ing world. Carlyn, the Canadian Women's Downhill champion, was chosen to represent Canada at the 1956 Winter Olympics at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy. Having never skied, or competed in Europe before, Carlyn encountered some difficulties, but displayed fine form, placing 23rd in the slalom and 20th in the downhill. After the excitement of the Olympics had died down, Carlyn, along with the other Canadian team members toured the ski racing circuit of Europe, competing in the major ski events, and doing progressively better each time. Rumour has it that she is now sunning on the Riviera, but plans to return to Montreal at the end of May.

*Engagements:* Ann Ballantyne to Mark Casimir  
Jill Crossen to Austin Sargent  
Anne Lucas to Anthony Suche  
Elizabeth Marshall to Donald Imrie  
Pamela Smart to Alfred Morrison  
Diana Wright to Ian Bovey  
Mary McEachran to Jeffrey Williams

*Marriages:* Elizabeth Burgess to William Cran  
Tish Dawes to Andrew D. Heggison  
Efa Heward to Donald Greenwood  
Joanna McLeod to Wilfred Palmer, M.D.  
Daintry Notman Miller to C. Colvil  
Zoe Molson to The Hon. Nicholas Hardinge  
Marigold Savage to Ian Hyde  
Sally Scott to Paul Winslow  
Brona Kraminer to Carl Rosen  
Prudence Loble to Frank R. Wright  
Doone McMurtry to Robert Overing  
Pamela Passmore to Donald Sterling

*Births:* Anne Bond Harris, a son  
Joan Evans Hampson, a daughter  
Joanne McLeod Palmer, a son  
Janice Davidson Steinmann, a daughter  
Martha Fisher Hallward, a son  
Lucy Hodgson Gordon, a son  
Jill McConnell Price, a daughter  
Barbara Miller Christensen, a daughter  
Willa Ogilvie Creighton, a son  
Ann Pangman Spafford, a daughter  
Nancy Ridout Malcolm, a daughter  
Pamela Seymour Hamilton, son and daughter, twins  
Sally Sharwood Drummond, a daughter  
Barbara Wales Meadowcroft, a son  
Sheila Mappin Arthur, a daughter  
Nancy Lee McMurtry Patch, a daughter  
Shirley McCall Stikeman, a daughter  
Dorothy Walters Simpson, a son





